

A Bancroft (T)
PROLUSIONES POETICÆ;

OR,

A SELECTION OF
POETICAL EXERCISES,

IN

GREEK, LATIN, AND ENGLISH:

PARTLY ORIGINAL,

AND

PARTLY TRANSLATED.

----- STUDIO FALLENT LABOREM.

HOR.

C H E S T E R:

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MDCCCLXXXVIII.



43.

10. 10.

15.

TO THE RIGHT REVEREND FATHER IN GOD

WILLIAM,

LORD BISHOP OF CHESTER,

PRINCIPAL OF BRASEN-NOSE COLLEGE, &c.

THIS

SELECTION OF POEMS

IS MOST RESPECTFULLY OFFERED,

AS THE LITERARY FIRST-FRUITS OF THE KING'S-SCHOOL, CHESTER,

BY HIS DEVOTED

AND HUMBLE SERVANT,

T. BANCROFT.

Head Master

WILLIAM

1847

OTIS

1847

1847

1847

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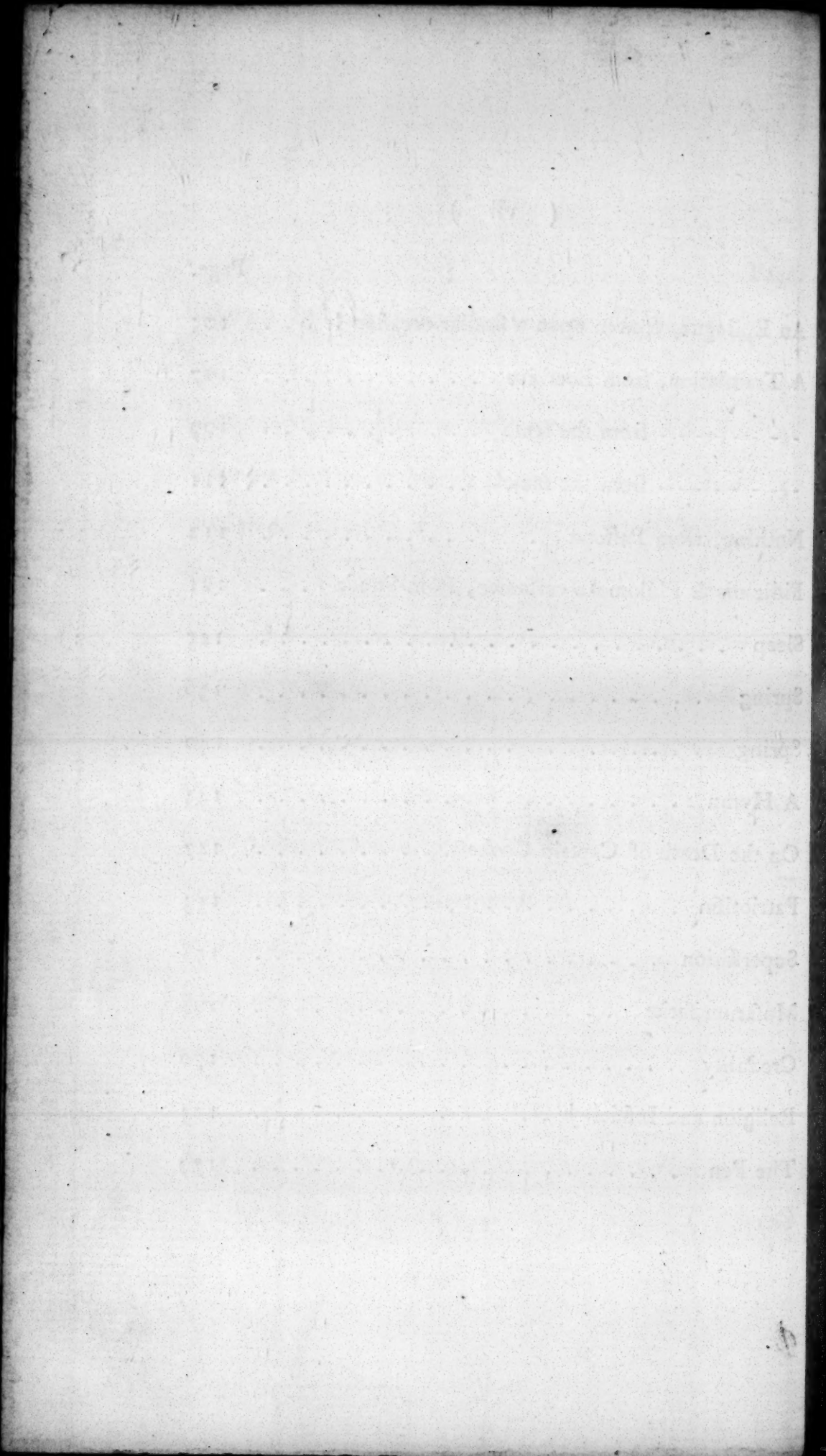
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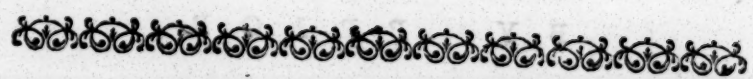
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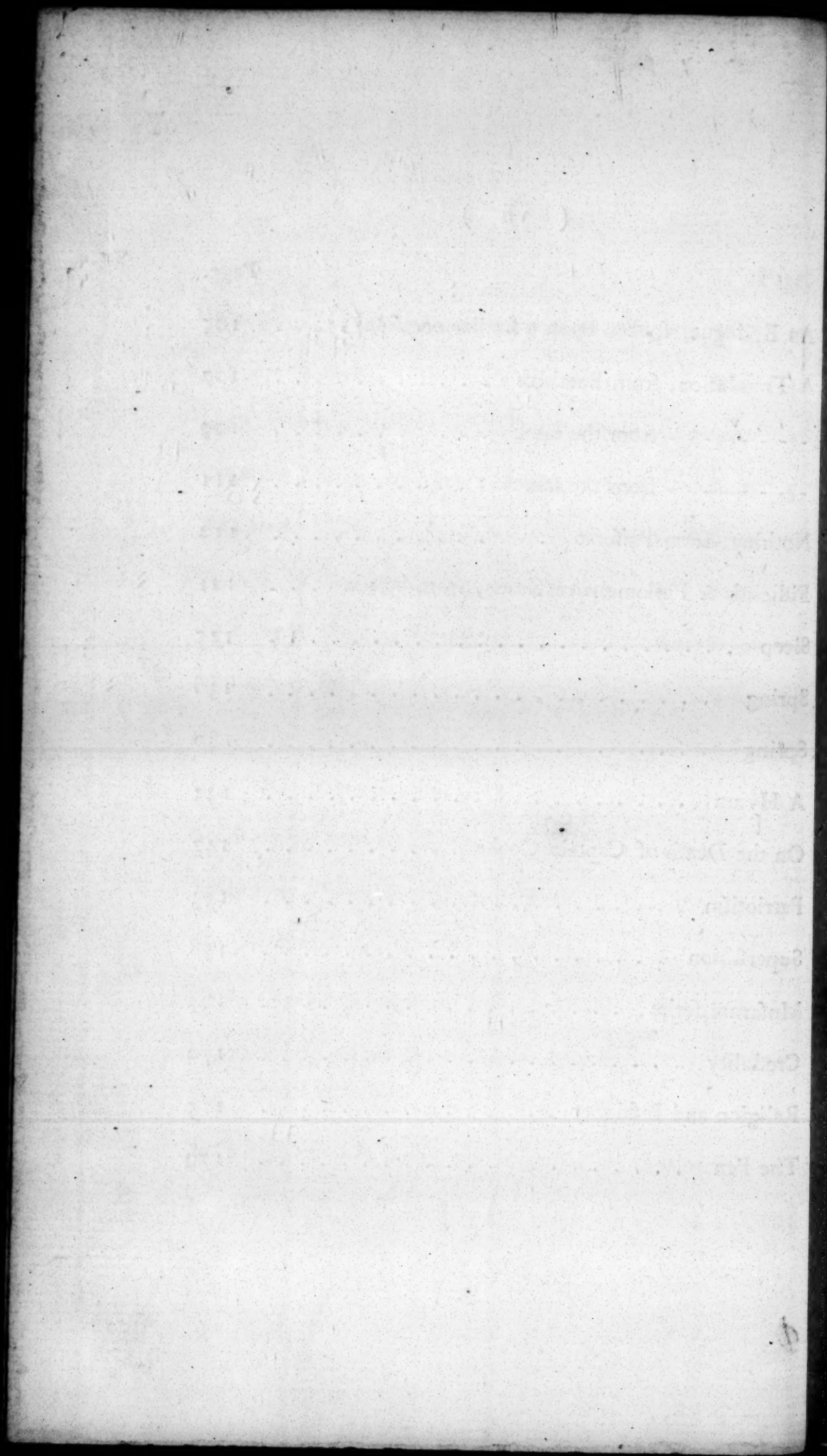
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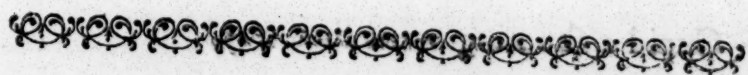
POEMATATA GRÆCA.







POEMATATA GRÆCA.





CUPID MISTAKEN,

BY PRIOR.

I.

AS after noon, one summer's day,
Venus stood bathing in a river,
Cupid a shooting went that way,
New strung his bow, new fill'd his quiver.

II.

With skill he chose his sharpest dart,
With all his might his bow he drew ;
Swift to his beauteous parent's heart
The too well-guided arrow flew.

III.



ἜΙΣ ἙΡΩΤΑ ΣΦΑΛΕΝΤΑ,

ΜΕσημβριναῖς ποθ' ὥραις,
Φλεγούτος ἡλιοιο,

Ἐκδύσε Κυπρίς εἴμα,

Καὶ λβετ' ἐν ῥοαῖσι.

Ἐν τῷδ' Ἑρως προσηε,

Πλεην βελων φαρείρην,

Ὀπλισμενότε τοξον.

Τίταινε τοξον αὐτῷ,

Βελεμνον ἤρσεν ὄξυ

Νευροῖσι, μεσσον ἥπαρ

Ἐτυπτε καὶ Κυθηρην.

III.

‘ I faint ; I die :’ the goddess cried :
‘ O cruel ! couldst thou find none other
‘ To wreck thy spleen on ? Parricide !
‘ Like Nero, thou hast slain thy mother.’

IV.

Poor Cupid, sobbing, scarce could speak ;
‘ Indeed, Mamma, I did not know ye :
‘ Alas ! how easy my mistake !
‘ I took you, for your likeness, Chloe.’

CUPID

- ‘ ὦμοι, θεὰ σεναζει,
‘ ὦλωλα, καποθνησκω
‘ ὦλωλα, σε φονηῶ
‘ Τευχεις βελερνα μητρι ;
‘ Ὅροιῶ εἰ Νερωνι
‘ Μητροκτονῶ, κακισῶ
‘ Παντων κακωντε παιδων.’

- Λυγδην δ’ Ἐρως τότε εἶπε,
‘ Φευ, φευ με δειλον· ἔμμη,
‘ Οὐ δὴ, σε μητερ’ οἶδα·
‘ Ἐσφηλε σου το καλλῶ.
‘ Θαυμασον ἔσ’ σφαληναι
‘ Σοφωτεροις γε ῥασον.
‘ Οὕτωςι γὰρ Μυριλλη,
‘ Τῇ Θυρσιδῶ Μυριλλη
‘ Ἐοικεν ἡ Κυθηρη.’

CUPID'S PASTIME,
FROM BISHOP PERCY'S RELIQUES
OF ANTIENT POETRY.

I.

IT chanc'd, of late, a shepherd swain,
That went to seek his straying sheep,
Within a thicket, on a plain,
Espied a dainty nymph asleep.

II.

Her golden hair o'erspread her face ;
Her careless arms abroad were cast ;
Her quiver had her pillow's place ;
Her breast lay bare to every blast.

III.

The shepherd stood, and gaz'd his fill ;
Nought durst he do ; nought durst he say ;
Whilst

ΕΙΣ ἙΡΩΤΑ ΔΟΛΟΠΛΟΚΟΝ.

NΟΜΕΥΣ ΤΙΣ ὥς ὀδευε
Ζητῶν ἀλητιν ἄρνα,

Καλὴν προσειδε κερην,

Σκίας ἐνερθε δένδρων

Γλυκεὶ δαμεισαν ὕπνῳ.

Χαιτὴ γέ πορφυρεῖν

Ἀτακίον ἐσκεδάσας,

Τυμνον τε κόλπον αὐτῆς

Ἄημα παν ἐπέπνει·

Ἐλευθερῶς τανυσθῆν

Ἐπ' ὠλενα ποαίσι,

Χαμαζε καὶ φαρετρη,

Προσκρανὸν ὥς, ἐκεῖτο.

Χαριζέτ' ὀμμασ' ἔτ

Κινεῖν λαλεῖντε δειδῶν.

Ἐπῆλθεν

Whilst chance, or else, perhaps, his will,
Did guide the god of love that way.

IV.

The crafty boy thus sees her sleep,
Whom, if she wak'd, he durst not see :
Behind her closely seeks to creep,
Before her nap should ended be.

V.

There come, he steals her shafts away,
And puts his own into their place :
Nor dares he any longer stay,
But, ere she wakes, hies thence apace.

VI.

Scarce was he gone, but she awakes,
And spies the shepherd standing by :
Her bended bow in haste she takes,
And at the simple swain, lets fly.

VII.

Ἐπῆλθεν εἰθ' ὁ κερῶ,

Ἐρως, τι πρὸ νοησας.

Ἔσειδε, καὶ φοβηθῆ

Ἐγερμένην ἔσειδεν.

Καθ' ὑπνον ἐν ὀπίσθεν

Ἀκροῖς ποδεσσ' ὑφερπεί.

Κλεπτει τὰ τῆς βελεμνα,

Ἐκ τῶν τιθησ' ἑαυτῆ

Ἐκείθι, καὶ ταχίστα

Ἀνασρεφει ποδ' ἐνθεν.

Ἐγείρετ' αὐτικ' ἦδε,

Καὶ τὸν βλέπε σταθεύει

Νομῆα, καὶ βελεμνον

Προσαρπασας ἔφηκεν.

VII.

Forth flew the shaft and pierc'd his heart,
That to the ground he fell with pain :
Yet up again forthwith he start,
And to the nymph he ran amain.

VIII.

Amaz'd to see so strange a fight,
She shot and shot, but all in vain ;
The more his wounds, the more his might,
Love yielded strength amidst his pain.

IX.

Her angry eyes were great with tears,
She blames her hand, she blames her skill ;
The bluntness of her shafts she fears,
And try them on herself she will.

X.

[Take heed sweet nymph, try not thy shaft,
Each little touch will pierce thy heart :

Alas !

Ὅδ' ἐπτατ' ἰϙ, αὐτῃ
 Καὶ καρδίῃ πελασθεῖς
 Κατ' ἐκταδὴν βεβληκε.
 Βληθεῖς δὲ καιπερ, αὐτῇ
 Ἐξάλτ', ὄρεσε, κερην
 Ζήτησε καὶ βαλυσαν.

Ἦδ' ἠγνοεῖ, τι θαυμα·
 Πληχθεῖς ἀφῆκεν ἄλλον,
 Ἴον γ' ἀφῆκε τρίτον,
 Ματὴν δ' ἀφῆκ' ἑκάστον·
 Ἴσχυς ὁ γὰρ μετ' αλγῶν,
 Ἴσχυν ποθημα δῶκε.

Δακρυσεν ἡ περισσῶς,
 Χεὶρ' ἀβλαβὴ ψεγυσά,
 Ἐμπειρίαν τ' ἀπειρον·
 ' Ἀμβλὺς γὰρ εἰς οἷοι,'
 Ὡς φησι· ' χρεὼς ἐμοῖο
 ' Τῷτ' ἐμφανεῖ τυπῆσης.'

Alas ! thou know'st not Cupid's craft ;
Revenge is joy ; the end is smart.]

XI.

Yet try she will and pierce some bare ;
Her hands were glov'd, but next to hand
Was that fair breast, that breast so rare,
That made the shepherd senseless stand.

XII.

That breast she pierc'd, and through that breast,
Love found an entry to her heart ;
At feeling of this new-come guest,
Lord ! how this gentle nymph did start !

XIII.

She runs not now, she shoots no more ;
Away she throws both shaft and bow :
She seeks for what she shunn'd before,
She thinks the shepherd's haste too slow.

XIV.

Τι γυμνον ἐν τορῇσει,
 Γυμνῶ δε κολπῶ ἦεν
 Ὁ λευκῶ, ὅς νομῇ
 Ποθημα δεινον ἐπνει.

Τορῇσε κολπον ἦδε,
 Κολπον δι' ἐπτατ' εὐθυς
 Ἐρως, ἐσω καθιζων·
 Ὁ ξεινῶ ἐπτοῇσε
 Πως ὁ πτοῇσεν αὐτην !

Ἄλλ' ἐκεθ' ἦδε φευγει,
 Ἢ τοξον ἐκεθ' ἔλκει,
 Γαιῇ δε παντα ῥίπτει,
 Τοξον, βελητε, και, τον
 Μισησεν ανδρα, ζητει,
 Ποδες μεν εἰ ταχιῖσοι
 Βραδεις λιην δοκῇσι.

XIV.

Though mountains meet not, lovers may ;

What other lovers do, did they :

The god of love sat on a tree,

And laught that pleasant fight to see.

Τῷ νυνι, θαυμ' ἀελπτῶν,
Ἐρωτικὸν συνοῦντε
Ἀθυρετὴν ἀθυρμα·
Ἐν τῷδ' Ἔρως ἐπ' ὄζῳ
Καθητο, καὶ γελάσσει,
Θεαμα τερπνὸν εἶδων.

C O N T E N T,

BY C U N N I N G H A M.

I.

O'ER moorlands and mountains, rude, barren,
As wilder'd and wearied I roam; [and bare,
A gentle young shepherdess sees my despair,
And leads me—o'er lawns—to her home.
Yellow sheaves from rich Ceres her cottage had
Green rushes were strew'd on her floor; [crown'd,
Her casement, sweet woodbines crept wantonly
And deck'd the sod seats at her door. [round,

II.

We sat ourselves down to a cooling repast,
Fresh fruits, and she cull'd me the best;

While

Samuel

(17)

ΕΙΣ ΕΥΔΙΑΙΤΑΝ.

ΠΕπλανημενον καθ' ὕλας
Κατ' ἐρημίας, πείρας τε,
Ἀπορον, πόδας καμοντα,
Καματῷ δαμεντα θυμον,
Ἔμε τις κορη προηγε
Δι' αἰθρων ἐς οἶκον αὐτης.

Καλαμῶν ὑπερθε δεσμαι,
Χλοερός τε πολλὸς οἶκος
Πεδὸν ἐξορεσσε σχοινῷ·
Κλυμενον περὶ γλυκεαῖς
Ἐλικεσσ' αἰγਾਲιατο
Θυριδῶν· ἐδραῖσι καὶ τὸ
Παρα γηλοφοῖς αἰγάλμα.

Πολυκαρπον εἶδαρ ἦδε
Καθισαντι μοι φερισον

D

Προ-

While thrown from my guard by some glances she

Love slyly stole into my breast. [cast,

I told my soft wishes ; she sweetly reply'd,

(Ye virgins, her voice was divine !)

I've rich ones rejected, and great ones deny'd,

But take me, fond shepherd, I'm thine.

III.

Her air was so modest, her aspect so meek,

So simple, yet sweet, were her charms ;

I kiss'd the ripe roses that glow'd on her cheek,

And lock'd the lov'd maid in my arms.

Now

Προεχέουσ' ἔπειτ' ἔθηκε,

Κραδίη τε καὶ ἀέλιον,

Θάμα μαιδῶσ', ἔρωτα.

Ποθὸν εἶπα, τίς ποτ' ἦε,

Γλυκεῶς τε μοι προσέειπε,

Προσεέειπε δὴ τί θείον·

Ἵπερεφρονήσα πλάτων,

Δυναμὶν κατεφρονήσα·

Φίλεισθα γὰρ νόμῳ,

Φίλεισθα σοὶ γάμῳ.

Βλέπεν ὄμμα μιν γαλήνην,

Ἄβρον ἦε καὶ τὸ καλλῶ·

Χαρίτες πάρησαν αὐτῇ.

Ἐφίλησα μὲν θερίον

Ῥόδον ἥδ' αὖ τῆς πάρεως,

Περὶ συμπλοκοῦς ἔπειτα

Βαλοῦ ἀγκαλαστέ κερῇ.

Now jocund together we tend a few sheep,
And if, by yon prattler, the stream,
Reclin'd on her bosom, I sink into sleep,
Her image still softens my dream.

IV.

Together we range o'er the flow-rising hills,
Delighted with pastoral views ;
Or rest on the rock, whence the streamlet distils,
And point out new themes for my muse.
To pomp or proud titles she ne'er did aspire,
The damsel's of humble descent,
The cottager, Peace, is well known for her fire,
And shepherds have nam'd her Content.

Ἄμα νυν δε τερπομεσθα

Ὅϊας νεμοντες ἀγροῖς·

Παρα νυν ῥοαῖσι, κολπῷ

Ἀπαλῷ της ἐγκαθευδῶν,

Κατ' ὄναρ βλέπω παρῆσαν.

Φίλον ἐστὶν εἶδ' αὐτης.

Ἄμα βαινομεν κατ' ὥρη

Ἰλαρῶς ὄρωντες ἀγροῦς

Ἵππευερθεν ἐκταθεντας·

Παγὸν εἶτ' ἐφεζομεσθα,

Ὅθεν ἀλλεται ῥέεθρα,

Μελετωντες ὕμνον ὧδε.

Προφέρει μεν ἔχι κερη

Ἵππερηφανη τυραννῶν

Ἵβριν, ἥ γενοσ ταπεινῇ·

Πατερ' γὰρ Ἑυδίοιο,

Ὅς ἐην γερωῶν ἀγρωτης,

Ἐχῆ

Ἐχε μητὲρ Ἐυτελείαν.

Γονεῦσι τοῖςδε παῖδα

Καλεῦσι μὴν νομῆες,

Γλυκυθυμὸν Ἐυδαιτάν.

—Σαρξ ἐγενετο καὶ ἐσκηνώσεν ἐν ἡμῖν.

Ἐξ Ἰωάννη.

ΧΑΙΡΕ φῶς εὐκλιν· κελαδῶσιν αἰεὶ
Ἀγγελῶν μολπαι Πατέρῳ παρ' ἔδραν.

Νυνὶ καὶ δεσμῶν ἀφενέες, ὑμῶς

Ἀρχετέ θνητοί.

Ἦκε γὰρ Σωτὴρ, θεῶ ἐν βροτοῖσι,

Ῥαβδῶ ἐκ ρίζης ἰδεῖν τῆς Ἰεσσαι,

Ἀθλοῖς ἀστὲρ νεφέλης δι' ὄρφνην

Ἐθεσὶ λαμπρὸν.

Παρ-

Παρθενε γαστηρ ἔφορησε παίδα·
 Παντοθεῖ σπενδεσ' αἶμα προσκυνηταί
 Δωρεά δωροῖλες· προαγεῖ θ' ὀδίτας
 Σήμα φλογωπεν.

Σὶνα πεμφθῆναι θεοῦ κατ' αἶρε
 Ἔμνεσ' ὧν ἱερὴν γρατεῖται
 Ἦδ' οὐ περὶ θύλας κατεχέσθ' αἵται
 Πνεύματα λαβρα.

Ἰλασὺν πάσῃ πρᾶττειν αἶψα
Ὅσον Ἐιρήνη· θεμὶς αὖ ταλαίων
Δαξεν ἀνθρώποις· δακρυῶντε πηγὴν
Ὅσυχ' ἀπορρεῖ.

Ἄλλεται κυλῶ χαμοθεῖ πρὸς αὐτῷ,
Ἐκθαλῖς αὐτὸν προγοράτε τυφλῶ,
Κυρῶ ἔξανθα χαρίτας, ταπεινῶ
Και φρενὶ γαλει.

Here

Ἦκε τοι, Σιών· βασιλὴν ὀπωπας
Εὐκλεὲς πρῶτος ἐπ' ὄνῳ μολοντα·
Κληματ' ἐςτρωνται· σόμα πάν τε θεῖον
Ἐκχεεν αἶνον.

Ἄυτ' ἄλλ' ἤξει φοβερόν· δικαστῆς,
Ἦξει ἐνδυθεὶς δυνάμιν φαεινὴν,
Καὶ γέ συλλεξας μεροπεσσὶν ἔργων
Ἄξια τίσει.

ΣΩΚΡΑΤΗΣ ἘΝ ΔΕΣΜΩΤΗΡΙΩ
ΕΠΙΛΕΓΕΙ·

ΚΡΙΤΩΝ, σεναζειν ἔ σενακτα μοι δοκεῖς.
Καλῶς φρονεῖν· δεῖνα μηδαμῶς ταδε,
Ἄ σῶμα πᾶσχει, τοῖσι νῦν κίρκημενον

Χαλ-

Χαλκευμασ'· ἐ γὰρ ἐστὶ λυμανήριον
 Ἄικισμα δεσμων, πλὴν ἐμῷ τῷ θνησιμῷ.
 Μὴ νεκρὸν εἶν' ὑπο χθονὸς κατωρυχα,
 Ὅιον παρ' αὐτὶκ' ἐσσεταὶ τῆμον δερμας,
 Φασκῆς, λογισμῶν τῶνδε πλάσῃν Σωκράτη.
 Ἐν ἴσθ'· ἐπιδαν ἐκπιῶ το φαρμακόν,
 Χωρὲς ἀπειμὶ φαιδρὸς εἰς εὐδαιμονας,
 Ἐς τῶν δικαστῶν καὶ θεῶν ὁμιλίαν,
 Τετῶν, δικαστὰς εἰς καλῶς, ἀπαλλαγείς.
 Εἰ τὰτ' ἀληθές, ὡς ἀληθές προσδοκῶ,
 Ποσὲ πρὶ αἰμὴν τὴν ἀφίξιν αὐτοθεν,
 Ὅπῃ μετώκησαν, τελευτῶντες βίῃ,
 Μαχῇ, πολέειτε πάντες εὐκλεεσάτοί,
 Ὀρφεύς, Ὀμηρὸς τ', οἱ παλαὶ μυθῶν σοφοί,
 Αἴας, Ὀδυσσεύς, πολλὰ μοχθησας ἀνὴρ,
 Ἀναξ τε, γῆν ὅς Τρωϊκῆνδ' ἠγήσατο
 Πολλὴν σφραττεῖαν, ὡς ἀριστεύσας μάλα.

Τοιαῦτος ἔσαι μοι βίος βιωσίμος,
 Γηρῶς ἀλυπτός, ἀβλαβὴς κακουργίας.
 Τί νυν φοβέμαι δυσσεβείας το κρατὸς,
 Κρατὸς γὰρ ἐστὶ τυτθόν, ἐς τυτθόν χρόνον ;
 Καὶ τὰτ' ἐν Ἄδῃ πάν ἀμοιβαίον τιεῖ.
 Ὅυ τις φοβείσθω, πλὴν ἀφροντίστος κακός,
 Ὅταν πελασθῇ μοῖρα μιν ἐιμαρμένη.
 Καλῶς βιώναι, ἐστὶ το θνησκεῖν καλῶς.
 Ὅυκεν φοβήσθον ἔδεν· οἱ γὰρ εὐσεβεῖς
 Τῷ νυνί, καὶ τῷ ὕστερῳ εὐελπίδες.
 Λογὴς τί συντίθημι ; νύξ ἐισέρχεται.
 Τί γένετ' ὄντος λοισθίῃ μοι φειδομαι
 Τὰ ζῆν γεραίος ; κερδὸς ἐς' ἀνωφελές.
 Ὅυκεν ταχὺς ἐνεγχε μοι το φάρμακον.



POEMATATA LATINA.





HENRY THE FOURTH's SOLILOQUY
ON SLEEP.

FROM SHAKESPEAR.

HOW many thousands of my pooreſt ſubjects
Are at this hour aſleep ! O gentle Sleep,
Nature's ſoft nurſe, how have I frighted thee,
That thou no more wilt weigh my eyelids down,
And ſteep my ſenſes in forgetfulneſs !
Why rather, Sleep, ly'ſt thou in ſmoaky cribs,
Upon uneaſy pallets ſtretching thee,
And huſh'd with buzzing night-flies to thy ſlumber ;
Than in the perfum'd chambers of the great,
Under the canopies of coſtly ſtate,
And lull'd with ſounds of ſweeteſt melody ?

O thou



I N S O M N U M.

QUOT mihi regnatos jam nunc complectitur almâ,
Quot miseros, requie Somnus! vis mellea Somni,
Quæ res grata foves! quonam depulsa timore,
Ponderibus defessa tuis non lumina condis,
Nec mihi permulces Lethæo flumine sensus?—

Heu! quid pauperibus gaudes concumbere lecto
Stramineo, fusus circum quo fumeus humor,
Stridula vel faciles irritat musca sopores?
Heu! quid tecta citis pedibus regalia vitas,
Magnificosque toros; quò thurea te vocat aura,
Te vocat incassum dulcissima tibia cantu?

Quæ,

O thou dull god, why ly'st thou with the vile
 In loathsome beds, and leav'st the kingly couch,
 A watch-case to a common larum bell?
 Wilt thou, upon the high and giddy mast,
 Seal up the ship's-boy's eyes, and rock his brains,
 In cradle of the rude imperious surge;
 And in the visitation of the winds,
 Who take the ruffian billows by the top,
 Curling their monstrous heads, and hanging them
 With deaf'ning clamours in the slipp'ry shrouds;
 That, with the hurly, death itself awakes:
 Canst thou, O partial Sleep, give thy repose
 To the wet sea boy, in an hour so rude,
 And, in the calmest, and the stillest night,
 With all appliances and means to boot,
 Deny it to a king? then happy, lowly clown!
 Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown.

WOLSEY

Quæ, malefane, tuum suadent fastidia numen
 Dormitare casâ, thalamos et linquere regum,
 Quêis tonat assiduâ tanquam custodia voce ?

Nautæ, quando agitur pinus, ludibria ponti,
 Amplexo malum, fundisne obliviam curæ ?

Dumque etiam venti discordia flamina miscent
 Altum incurvantes monstrosa cacumina, funes
 Et dum stridentes inter fragor intonat ingens,
 Territa quo somnis mors exilit ipsa tumultu :

O levis, ut placuit tibi, diro turbine cœli,
 Æquoribus nautæ tabentia membra levare ?
 Et quanquam fileant ædes, atque omnia circum
 Jam fileant, adsintque irritamenta soporis,
 Desiderata negas scævus tua gaudia regi ?

O fortunati nimirum, sua si bonâ nôrint
 Agricolæ ! nobis est irrequieta corona :

O caput infelix, quod tu premis, aurea cura !

CARDI-

WOLSEY AND CROMWELL.

FROM SHAKESPEAR.

WOL. **F**AREWELL, a long farewell to all my greatness!

This is the state of man : to day he puts forth
 The tender leaves of hope ; to-morrow blossoms,
 And bears his blushing honours thick upon him ;
 The third day comes a frost, a killing frost,
 And when he thinks, good easy man, full surely
 His greatness is a ripening, nips his shoot ;
 And then he falls, as I do. I have ventur'd,
 Like little wanton boys, that swim on bladders,
 These many summers in a sea of glory ;
 But far beyond my depth : my high blown pride
 At length broke under me ; and now has left me,
 Weary and old with service, to the mercy
 Of a rude stream, that must for ever hide me.
 Vain pomp and glory of the world, I hate ye !

I feel

CARDINALIS WOLSEIUS LOQUITUR.

MAGNA vale, æternumque vale mea gloria! vitas
 Sic hominum sua fata regunt : nunc læta virescit

Gemma spei teneræ, cràs copia florea splendet,

Et tum purpurei passim funduntur honores.

Tertia lux oritur ; glacies venit aspera plantis,

Gloria cumque viro facili matura videtur,

Frigore pertentans tempestas excutit illam,

Atque mei similis, similem dabit ille ruinam.

Æstates multas puer ut lascivit in undis,

Utribus evectus, pelagi nimis alta petivi ;

Me tandem ambitio fluviis tumefacta reliquit

Confectum, et totus submergor gurgite vasto.

Odi te, splendor, te vanaque gloria mundi !

I feel my heart new opened. Oh! how wretched
 Is that poor man that hangs on princes' favours !
 There is, betwixt that smile he would aspire to,
 That sweet aspect of princes, and his ruin,
 More pangs and fears, than war or women have ;
 And when he falls, he falls like Lucifer,
 Never to hope again.

LA MORT REND TOUT EGAL.

S O N G E.

JE songeois cette nuit, que d' ennui consumé
 Côte à côte d' un Pauvre on m' avoit inhumé,
 Et que n' en pouvant pas souffrir le voisinage,
 En mots de qualité je lui tins ce langage :
 “ Retire toi, coquin, va pourrir loin d' ici,
 “ Il ne t' appartient pas de m' approcher ainfi.”

“ Co-

Nubes obscurans mentem nunc tollitur, & nunc
 Sentio, quàm miser est, qui regum pendet amore.
 Non Bellona ferox tali formidine terret
 Gentes, nec mater tali districta dolore,
 Quales intùs agit stimulos sub pectore cura
 Optatos inter risus, certamque ruinam.
 Et gravis est casus quando cadit, et cadit exspes
 Instar Luciferi.

DIVESNE, PRISCO NATUS AB INACHO
 NIL INTEREST, AN PAUPER ET INFIMA
 DE GENTE. HOR.

SOMNO me quondam mortis ludebat imago,
 Et videor juxta corpora, corpus iners.

Proximus hîc pauper tumulto putrebat eodem,

Me gravis ac movit fastus et ira loqui :—

“ Hinc longè, longè discedas vile cadaver,

“ Ne tangat, ne me polluat ista lues.”

“ Lon-

“ Coquin !” ce me dit-il, d’ une arrogance extreme,
“ Va chercher les coquins ailleurs, coquin toi-même :
“ Ici tous font egaux ; je ne te dois plus rien,
“ Je suis sur mon Fumier, comme toi sur le tien.”

THE DYING CHRISTIAN TO HIS SOUL.

FROM POPE.

I.

VITAL spark of heav’nly flame,
Quit, oh quit this mortal frame ;
Trembling, hoping, ling’ring, flying,
Oh the pain, the bliss of dying !
Cease, fond Nature, cease thy strife,
And let me languish into life.

II.

Hark ! they whisper ; angels say,
“ Sister spirit, come away :”

What

“ Longiùs hinc abeas ;” retulit vehementius ille ;

Tu jam vile lutum, vile cadaver ego.

“ Cedere non libet ; exæquat mortalia fatum :

“ Hic mihi tam putrido væ locus, iste tibi.”

SUB MORTEM, CHRISTIANUS ITA SUAM
ANIMAM ALLOQUITUR.

I.

O NATE flammâ spiritus igneâ,
Cur non caduco corpore profilis ?

Quid quæritans, pavens, et optans,

Limine stas vagabundus hospes ?

II.

Quàm dulce, sed quàm difficile, est mori !

Natura, litem define, define,

Fruarque vitâ ! jàm susurrant

Coelicolæ, “ Soror hùc adesto.”

III.

What is this abforbs me quite,
Steals my fenfes, fhuts my fight,
Drowns my fpirits, draws my breath ;
Tell me, my foul, can this be death ?

III.

The world recedes, it difappears ;
Heav'n opens to my eyes ; my ears
With founds feraphic ring :
Lend, lend your wings, I mount ! I fly !
O Death, where is thy victory ?
O Grave, where is thy fting ?

A WIN-

III.

Quid forbet? oh quid me mihi furripit?

Sensus quid aufert? lumina quid capit?

Tantumne mortis vis valebit?

Languo debilitorque totus.

IV.

Mundi recedit littus, et effugit:

Panduntur altæ fydereæ domus:

Et personant aures stupentes

Carminibus superûm phalanges.

V.

Præbete pennas, angelici chori,

Præbete pennas; ecce, feror! feror

Longè per altum! nunc ô Orce!

Aspera Mors! ubi nunc triumphus?

CANTI-

A W I N T E R P I E C E.

I.

IT was a winter's evening, and fast came down the
snow,

And keenly o'er the wide heath the bitter blast did blow,
When a damsel all forlorn, quite bewildered in her way,
Prest her baby to her bosom, and sadly thus did say.

II.

“ Oh ! cruel was my father, that shut his door on me,
And cruel was my mother, that such a fight could see,
And cruel is the wintry wind, that chills my heart with
cold,

But crueller than all the lad, that left my love my gold.

III.

Hush, hush, my lovely baby, and warm thee in my breast;
Ah ! little thinks thy father how sadly we're distressed ;

For,

CANTILENA HYEMALIS.

I.

VESPER erat : campis et nix hyemosa ruebat,
Stridebatque Aquilo per loca mæsta situ ;
Hæc, incerta viæ, peragrabat sola puella,
Infantemque premens, cœpit acerba queri.

II.

“ Heu ! pater ille ferus, natæ qui tecta negavit,
Et fera, quæ vidit talia, mater erat,
Et fera vis venti est, quæ sic mea pectora tundit,
At, mihi qui nummos prætulit, ille magis.

III.

Parvule mi, taceas, gremio renovesque calorem ;
Ah ! nescit genitor, nos mala quanta premunt :

G

Si

For, cruel as he is, did he know but how we fare,
He'd shield us in his arms from this bitter piercing air.

IV.

Cold, cold, my dearest jewel ! thy little life is gone ;
Oh ! let my tears revive thee, so warm that trickle down :
My tears that gush so warm, Oh ! they freeze before
they fall ; [of all."

Ah ! wretched, wretched mother ! thou 'rt now bereft

V.

Then down she sunk, despairing, upon the drifted snow,
And, wrung with killing anguish, lamented loud her woe :
She kiss'd her baby's pale lips, and laid it by her side ;
Then cast her eyes to heaven, then bow'd her head
and dy'd.

Si nostros sciret, durus licet, ille dolores,
Vix hyemem miseros lædere vellet acrem:

IV.

Blandule væ ! friges, friges ; calor ossa reliquit ;
Suscitet ex oculis fervida gutta meis !
Fervida gutta fluit, sed congelat aura fluentem :
Ah ! nunc infelix, orbaque mater ego.”

V.

Jam nive congestâ miserè prolabitur exspes,
Infandumque gemit, quod dolor intùs agit ;
Tum lateri natum apponens, atque oscula figens
Suspicit, et flectit, morte gravata, caput.

BELLA-

THE SON OF ALKNOMOOK,
OR THE
INDIAN DEATH-SONG.

I.

THE sun sets in night, and the stars shun the day,
But glory remains, when their lights fade away :
Begin ye tormentors ; your threats are in vain :
For the son of Alknomook shall never complain.

II.

Remember the arrows, he shot from his bow,
Remember your chiefs, by his hatchet laid low ;
Why so slow ? do you wait, till I shrink from the pain ?
No, the son of Alknomook shall never complain.

III.

Remember the wood, where in ambush we lay,
And the scalps, that we bore from your nation away ;
Now the flame rises fast ; you exult in my pain ;
But the son of Alknomook can never complain.

BELLATORIS INDICI
MORIENTIS CARMEN.

I.

NOCTE cadit Phœbus, fugiunt et sidera lucem,
Fama tamen fulget, cum cœli lumina pallent :
Surgite, tortores ; non verba minacia curo :
Nam fatus Alknomook nunquam dabit ore querelas.

II.

Fingite nunc animis, quæ spicula misit ab arcu,
Fingite, ductores quos ascia morte subegit,
Quid statis ? non me poterunt terrere dolores ;
Non ; fatus Alknomook nunquam dabit ore querelas.

III.

Fingite, quæis nemorum latebris infedimus altis,
Quot capitem vestrî ferrum spoliavit honores :
Flamma fuit ; vobis liceat gaudere dolore :
At fatus Alknomook nullas dabit ore querelas.

IV.

IV.

I go to the land, where my father is gone,
His ghost shall rejoice in the fame of his son;
Death comes like a friend, he relieves me from pain:
And thy son, O Alknomook, has scorn'd to complain.

THE DEATH OF ALICO,
AN AFRICAN SLAVE, CONDEMNED FOR REBELLION,
IN JAMAICA, 1762,
BY BRYANT EDWARDS, ESQ. OF JAMAICA.

I.

'TIS past!--ah! calm thy * cares to rest!
Firm and unmov'd am I;
In freedom's cause I bar'd my breast,
In freedom's cause I die.

II.

Ah! stop, thou dost me fatal wrong,
Nature will yet rebel; For

* He addresses his wife at the place of execution.

IV.

Quæ tenet arva parens, eadem mox arva tenebo ;

Illius et manes mulcebit gloria prolis :

Mors, ut amica, venit, cruciatûs vincula solvit :

Et fatus Alknomook nunquam dedit ore querelas.

A L I C O,

MANCIPIUM EX AFRICA IN JAMAICAM ABDUCTUM,

ET NUNC MORTI DAMNATUM, UXOREM ALLOQUITUR.

I.

ACTUM est. O discas tandèm lenire dolores !

Ecce mihi nullis mens subigenda malis !

Libertatis amans petii per mille pericla,

Libertatis amans mortis iniqua fero.

II.

Heu ! cohibe, tales fodiunt mea pectora questus ;

Quas domui, curas vox tua mæsta ciet :

Nam

For I have lov'd thee very long,
And lov'd thee very well.

III.

To native skies and peaceful bow'rs,
I soon shall wing my way ;
Where joy shall lead the circling hours,
Unless too long thy stay.

IV.

O speed, fair Sun ! thy course divine ;
My Abala remove ;
There thy bright beams shall ever shine,
And I for ever love :

V.

On those blest shores, a slave no more !
In peaceful ease I'll stray ;
Or rouse to chase the mountain boar,
As unconfin'd as day.

Nam te, quàm longo, te sum complexus amore !

Et, quàm fidus erat, tàm diuturnus amor.

III.

Tempus adest, quo jam nullâ prohibente catenâ,

In patriæ cœlos, dulciaque arva volo,

Quo mihi rifura est felix, ut præterit, hora ;

Si tamen adfueris, lætior omnis erit.

IV.

Quin tu, magne parens lucis, devolvere cursus

Præscriptos properes, hinc Abalamque move ;

Hinc procul in fedes, quæis incorrupta micabit

Lux tua, quæis et amor vivet in æva meus :

V.

Quæis et ego penitùs liber longa otia ducam,

Aut sectabor apros per nemus omne vagus ;

H

Nullus

VI.

No Christian tyrant there is known
To mark his steps with blood,
Nor fable mis'ry's piercing moan
Resounds through ev'ry wood!

VII.

Yet I have heard the melting tongue,
Have seen the falling tear ;
Known the good heart by pity wrung,
Ah ! that such hearts are rare !

VIII.

Now, Christian, glut thy ravish'd eyes !
I reach the joyful hour ;
Now bid the scorching flames arise,
And these poor limbs devour :

IX.

But, know, pale tyrant, 'tis not thine
Eternal war to wage ;

The

Nullus ubi furit invisus pallore tyrannus ;

Ut libet, aut nostro terra cruore madet :

VI.

Nullus ibi nostras, lentæ spectacula mortis,

Per sylvas gemitum tristem iterare solet.

Hic tamen auditæ voces miserantis, et inter

Voces nonnunquam lacryma visa genis :

VII.

Heu ! modò nonnunquam ; numero nam rarus in isto,

Qui flet, et in miseros mitia corda gerit :

Ergo age, si poteris, fatia te sanguine nostro ;

Dum cruciare tuum est, dum miser esse meum.

VIII.

Ergo age, jam circum flammæ accende ferales,

Corpus et hoc lacerum vis furibunda necet :

Scilicet

The death, thou giv'st, shall but combine
To mock thy baffled rage.

X.

O! death, how welcome to th' oppress'd !
Thy kind embrace I crave !
Thou bring'st to mis'ry's bosom rest,
And freedom to the slave !

M A R Y ' s D R E A M .

I.

THE moon had climb'd the highest hill
That rises o'er the source of Dee,
And from the eastern summit shed
Her silver light on tow'r and tree :
When Mary laid her down to sleep,
Her thoughts on Sandy far at sea,

Then

Scilicet hoc poteris ; sed non conceditur ultra :

Morte obitâ, nihil est, quod patiamur, adhuc.

IX.

Ultima tu rerum, requies mortalibus ægris,

Me compone tuo, conde, benigna, finu ;

Tu, Mors, sola potes fluctus sedare doloris,

Servitiique jugum frangere sola potes.

SOMNIUM MARIÆ.

I.

Attigerat Phœbe summi fastigia montis,

Undè falit Devæ lenè fluentis aqua,

Fusaque ab Eoo lux candida vertice, turrets

Tinxerat argento, tinxerat omne nemus :

Jamque Maria toro, somnis devincta jacebat ;

Mens de Sandy suo plena doloris erat ;

Cum

Then soft and low a voice was heard

Say, ' Mary, weep no more for me,'

II.

She from her pillow gently rais'd

Her head, to ask who there might be,

And saw young Sandy, shiv'ring, stand,

With pallid cheek and hollow eye :

" O Mary dear, cold is my clay,

" It lies beneath the stormy sea,

" Far, far from thee, I sleep in death,

" So Mary weep no more for me.

III.

" Three stormy nights and stormy days,

" We tofs'd upon the raging main,

" And long we strove our bark to save,

" But all our striving was in vain :

" E'en

Cum tecto exilis vox est audita silenti,

“ Define vae ! fletus, chara Maria, tuos.”

II.

Illa caput paulum lecto, perculsa, levabat,

Quæsitura velut, quid foret ille sonus,

Sandy videt stantem, tremebundum frigore spectrum ;

Concavus est oculus, palluerantque genæ :

“ Cara Maria ! meum domuit mors frigida corpus,

“ Jamque artus gelidos, ossaque pontus habet ;

“ Hinc procul, in longum solvuntur lumina somnum,

“ Define vae ! fletus, define, chara, tuos.

III.

“ Tres noctes, totidemque dies, super æquora sæva,

“ Huc, illuc, quassam dispulit unda ratem ;

“ Nitimur adversi, longum tulimusque laborem,

“ Omnis nequicquam sed fuit iste labor.

“ At

“ E’en then, when horror chill’d my blood,

“ My heart was fill’d with love for thee.

“ The storm is past, and I at rest,

“ So Mary weep no more for me.

IV.

“ O maiden dear, thyself prepare,

“ We soon shall meet upon that shore,

“ Where love is free from doubt and care,

“ And thou and I shall part no more.”

Loud crow’d the cock—the shadow fled ;

No more of Sandy could she see ;

But soft the passing spirit said,

“ So Mary weep no more for me.”

“ At tunc, membra mihi gelidus cum perculit horror,

“ Tunc etiam caluit pectore fidus amor ;

“ Actum est, tempestas filuit, nunc ipse quiesco,

“ Define vœ ! fletus, define, chara, tuos.

IV.

“ Nec tibi longa mora est ; aderis dulcissima virgo ;

“ Nos melior sedes, oraque læta manet,

“ Quâ securus amor ; nec mors disjunget amantes,

“ Nec mentem poterit sollicitare timor.”

Signa dedit cantu gallus : discessit imago :

Et nusquam potuit cernere Sandy suum,

Lenè sed increpitans, dum præterlabitur umbra,

“ Define,” ait, “ fletus, chara Maria, tuos.”

WINIFREDA.

I.

AWAY ! let nought to love displeasing,
My Winifreda, move your care ;
Let nought delay the heavenly blessing,
Nor squeamish pride, nor gloomy fear.

II.

What tho' no grants of royal donors,
With pompous titles, grace our blood ;
We'll shine in more substantial honours,
And, to be noble, we'll be good.

III.

Our name, while virtue thus we tender,
Will sweetly sound where-e'er 'tis spoke ;
And all the great ones, they shall wonder,
How they respect such little folk.

IV.

WINIFREDA.

I.

HINC procùl, hìnc abfit, quicquid perturbet amo-
Sollicitet mentem nil, Winifreda, tuam ; [rem,
Nil, nil, quod possis, tardet cœlestia dona ;
Si quid fastus obest, exue, sive metus.

II.

Nulla licet nostrum ditârit gratia regum,
Nulla licet decorent nomina clara genus,
Nos tamen innocuos illustrat gloria vera ;
Purâ luce micat, nam bonitate micat.

III.

Nomina, dum virtus nobis sit sola voluptas,
Læta per ora virûm suavior aura feret ;
Nos quoque laudabunt, humilis miracula vitæ,
Magnates, omnis nescius, unde probat.

IV.

IV.

What though from fortune's lavish bounty
No mighty treasures we possess,
We'll find within our pittance plenty,
And be content without excess.

V.

Still shall each returning season
Sufficient for our wishes give ;
For we will live a life of reason,
And that's the only life to live.

VI.

Thro' youth and age, in love excelling,
We'll hand in hand together tread ;
Sweet-smiling peace shall crown our dwelling,
And babes, sweet smiling babes, our bed.

VII.

How should I love the pretty creatures,
While round my knees they fondly clung ;

To

IV.

Quanquam non faveat nobis fortuna benigna,

Et parcâ dederit munera parva manu ;

Angustos intra fines viventibus adfit

Mens contenta domi, quod fatis, illa dabit.

V.

Quando vices anni renovabunt tempora gratas,

Delicias referent tempora quæque novas ;

Nam vitæ semper ratio reget æqua tenorem.

Utque decet, ratio vivere sola docet.

VI.

Ut primis, sic dum virtus illuxerit annis

Supremis, placidâ pace petemus iter ;

Nam mensæ confors, aderit concordia nobis,

Atque tori, foboles dulcia mille tuens.

VII.

Quàm penitùs, penitùs dilectos corde fovebo,

Dum parvo nifu crura paterna tenent,

Dum

To see them look their mother's features,
To hear them lisp their mother's tongue.

VIII.

And when with envy time transported,
Shall think to rob us of our joys,
You'll in your girls again be courted,
And I'll go a wooing in my boys.

THE BEGGAR'S PETITION.

I.

PITY the sorrows of a poor old man,
Whose trembling limbs have borne him to your
Whose days are dwindled to the shortest span ; [door,
Oh ! give relief, and heav'n will bless your store.

II.

These tatter'd cloaths my poverty bespeak,
These hoary locks proclaim my lengthen'd years ;
And

Dum vultus referunt maternos ora tenella,

Maternas voces balbaque lingua refert.

VIII

Et nostræ quando venit invidiosa vetustas

Sortis, deproperans demere cuncta bona,

Te pulcram agnoscet natas petitura juvenus,

Nati quasque petunt, has pater ipse petam.

PAUPERIS PETITIO.

I.

PAuperis annosi longos miserere dolores,

Vix hæc, qui vix ad limina membra traho,

Cui lux vitalis properat demergier umbris ;

Sic Dî persolvant præmia, fer, fer opem.

II.

En ! tibi tam lacerum tegmen me monstrat egenum,

Confectumque annis tempora sparsa nive ;

Plurimus

And many a furrow in my grief-worn cheek
Has been the channel to a flood of tears.

III.

Yon house, erected on the rising ground,
With tempting aspect, drew me from my road;
For Plenty there a residence has found,
And Grandeur a magnificent abode.

IV.

Hard is the fate of the infirm and poor!
Here, as I crav'd a morsel of their bread,
A pamper'd menial drove me from the door,
To seek a shelter in an humbler shed.

V.

Oh! take me to your hospitable dome;
Keen blows the wind, and piercing is the cold!
Short is my passage to the friendly tomb,
For I am poor, and miserably old.

Should

Plurimus ore meo sulcus, quo flumina manent,
Flumina, quæ toties fudit acerba dolor.

III.

Quò domus ista jugis acclivibus alta videtur,
Traxit eò species perfida, spesque pedem ;
Has sibi securas delegit Copia sedes,
Has intra fulget Pompa superba fores.

IV.

Ah ! fors infelix inopi, fessoque senectâ !
Dum miser hîc mensæ fragmina parva rogo,
Inflatus foribus pinguedine servus abegit ;
' I procùl hînc, dixit, tectâ minora pete.'

V.

Ne mihi perfugium, tua tectâ benigna recuses,
Quem premit hæc Boreæ vis, penetratque gelu ;
Jam jamque in tumulo mea membra senilia ponam,
Et mors conficiet tædia, morsque preces.

K

VI.

VI.

Should I reveal the sources of my grief,
If soft humanity e'er touch'd your breast,
Your hands would not with-hold the kind relief,
And tears of pity would not be represt.

VII.

Heav'n sends misfortunes ; why should we repine ?
'Tis heav'n has brought me to the state you see ;
And your condition may be soon like mine,
The child of sorrow and of misery.

VIII.

A little farm was my paternal lot ;
Then, like the lark, I sprightly hail'd the morn ;
But ah ! oppression forc'd me from my cot,
My cattle dy'd, and blighted was my corn ;

IX.

My daughter, once the comfort of my age,
Lur'd by a villain from her native home,

VI.

Si, bone, collibuit tantos audire labores,
Humanæ fortis tam miseranda mala,
Gutta memor nostrî saltèm stillabit ab ore,
Succurreſque malis, ſi tua corda movent.

VII.

Dî ſtatuunt adverſa, et ſunt patienda ; mihique
Arbitrio fortem Dî ſtatuère ſuo ;
Atque tibi forſàn neſcit crudelia fatum,
Te, moriture, manet non fugienda dies.

VIII.

Tempus erat, lætus quo patria rura colebam,
Gratabar reducem tunc, ut alauda, diem ;
Eheu ! ſed caſulam mihi vis invidit iniqua,
Et periit morbo grex meus, igne ſeges.

IX.

Reſtabat ſenii ſpes ultima, chara puella,
Quam mihi ſubduxit perfidus arte malâ ;

Perfidus

Is cast, abandon'd, on the world's wide stage,
And doom'd in scanty poverty to roam :

X.

My tender wife, sweet soother of my care !
Struck with sad anguish at the stern decree,
Fell, ling'ring, fell a victim to despair,
And left the world to wretchedness and me.

XI.

Pity the sorrows of a poor old man,
Whose trembling limbs have borne him to your door,
Whose days are dwindled to the shortest span,
Oh ! give relief, and heav'n will bless your store.

Written

Perfidus atque illam triviis projecit egentem,

Ut vitæ reliquum, publica præda, trahat.

X.

Non tulit hoc, onerum confors, fidissima conjux,

Non tulit hoc conjux tot peritura malis ;

Languescens tandem superis discessit ab oris,

Liquit, et oh ! liquit tædia longa mihi.

XI.

Pauperis annosi longos miserere dolores,

Vix hæc, qui vix ad limina membra traho,

Cui lux vitalis properat demergier umbris ;

Sic Dî persolvant præmia, fer, fer opem.

Written in a COTTAGE GARDEN, at a village in
LORRAIN; and occasioned by a tradition concerning
a TREE of ROSEMARY.

FROM LANGHORNE.

ARBUSTUM LOQUITUR.

I.

O Thou, whom Love and Fancy lead
To wander near this woodland hill,
If ever Music smooth'd thy quill,
Or Pity wak'd thy gentle reed,
Repose beneath my humble tree,
If thou lov'st Simplicity.

II.

Stranger, if thy lot is laid
In toilsome scenes of busy life;
Full forely may'st thou rue the strife
Of weary passions ill repaid.

DE RORE MARINO.

ARBUSTUM LOQUITUR.

I.

TU, quem suasit amor, quem læti gaudia ruris,
Hæc nemorosa vagum per juga ferre pedem,
Si modò dulcisonos poteris componere versus,
Vel tua protulerit fistula triste melos,
Huc ades ; hîc humilique meâ requiesce sub umbrâ,
Si mentem tangat Simplicitatis amor.

II.

Advena, permultos forsàn fortite labores !
Ah ! quoties vitam cura, timorque premunt !
Dumque animum semper diversâ lite fatigas,
Tu bellum, quod nil proficit, usque geris.

En

In a garden live like me,
If thou lov'st Simplicity.

III.

Flow'rs have sprung for many a year
O'er the village-maiden's grave,
Who a memorial-sprig to save,
Bore it from a sister's bier ;
And homeward walking, wept o'er me
The true tears of Simplicity :

IV.

And soon her cottage-window near
With care my slender stem she plac'd,
And fondly thus her grief embrac'd,
And cherish'd sad remembrance dear ;
For Love sincere, and Friendship free,
Are children of Simplicity.

En ! age, sit mecum fedes tibi dulcis in horto,
Si mentem tangat Simplicitatis amor.

III.

Hic me jampridem posuit defuncta Puella,
Cui super instratam flos variavit humum :
Germanæ memor illa suæ, me funebre vimen
Servandum curâ rettulit ex feretro ;
Et tardè redeuns flevit miserabile fatum,
Et lacrymæ, lacrymæ Simplicitatis erant :

IV.

Et juxtâ tugurî parvâ me deinde fenestrâ
Sedula virgultum luxuriare dedit :
Hæc (quàm chara fibi !) coluit monimenta doloris,
Heu ! coluit fido corde, doloris amans.
Nam sincera Fides, Amor et victurus in ævum
Perpetui comites Simplicitatis erunt.

V.

When past was many a painful day,
 Slow pacing o'er the village-green,
 In white were all its maidens seen,
 And bore my guardian-friend away.
 And wet was ev'ry eye to see
 The grave of sweet Simplicity.

VI.

One gen'rous swain her heart approv'd,
 A youth, whose fond and faithful breast
 With many an artless sigh confess'd,
 In nature's language, that he lov'd.—
 But, stranger, 'tis no tale for thee,
 Unless thou lov'st Simplicity.

VII.

He died :—and soon her lip was cold,
 And soon her rosy cheek was pale,

V.

Transierat jam multa dies, quum pompa fororum

Longo per campos ordine ducta fuit,

Et tardæ, niveis indutæ vestibus, ibant,

Terrâ et præsidium deposuere meum :

Et nemo comitum conspexit lumine ficco

Funus, nam funus Simplicitatis erat.

VI.

Pastorem semper virgo dilexerat unum,

Cujus erat constans et diuturna fides ;

Multaque suspirans Juvenis narravit amorem ;

Talia nam profert pectore fidus amor.

Sed tibi quid dico ? non ad te pertinet, hospes :

Nî tibi sit cordi Simplicitatis amor.

VII.

Ille obiit ; vultus hujus quoque vita reliquit,

Oraque frigebant, palluerantque genæ.

Ruricolæ

The village wept to hear the tale,
When for both the flow bell toll'd ;
Beneath yon flow'ry turf they lie,
The lovers of Simplicity.

VIII.

Yet one boon have I to crave ;
Stranger, if thy pity bleed,
Wilt thou do one tender deed,
And strew my pale flow'rs o'er their grave ?
So lightly lie the turf on thee,
Because thou lov'st Simplicity !

Ruricolæ auditum lugebant, nuncia mortis

Cum campana gravem fudit utrique sonum,

Aggere sub viridi, quo cernis, uterque quiescit,

Queîs inerat purus Simplicitatis amor,

VIII.

O te, quisquis ades, munus non grande reposco ;

Num tibi quid pectus tristia verba movent ?

Pignora certa dabis, si tantum perficis, hospes,

Si candente meo flore sepulcra tegis ;

Sic levitè cespes viridis tua contegat ossa,

Cui tam purus inest Simplicitatis amor,

EDWINUS ET EMMA.

EX ANGLICO POEMATE. VIDE MALLET.

QUO sinus extremæ patuit convallis, in umbrâ
 Sylvarum steterant limina parva casæ ;
 Pulchrior, hanc tenuit pacis, sedemque salutis
 Emma rosâ, matris cura beata bonæ ;
 Heu ! vetulæ matri votum jam restitit unum,
 Emmæ vita suæ prospera, morsque sibi.
 Purpura per malas rubuit mollissima suaves,
 Sic Aurora novo verna rubore micat.
 Nostri ruris honor ! te nulla superbia temnat :
 Dat sua sol gemmæ lumina, datque rosæ.
 Consumeabat amor juvenes, tabesque puellas
 Invidiæ, palmâ deficiente, dolor.
 Nescia splendoris, splendebat clarior omni ;
 Venit et Edwinus, qui petit hancce rosam.
 Non artes nôrat ; radios sibi lumina molles

Vibrârunt

Vibrârunt, animi signa ferena boni.

Mutua jamque novos agnoscunt corda calores,

Queîs nihil esse doli castus uterque putat ;

Sæpè et jucundi carpebant gaudia amoris ;

Gaudia crudelis fors diuturna negat.

Nam soror Edwini, cui mens livoris et odî

Plena fuit, sævâ concipit arte dolos ;

Quin et nulla patrem pietas, clementia nulla

Mollit ; non saxum durius, auctor opum.

Viderat ille diù alternas jam pascere flammæ,

Viderat ille diù pascere, corde ferus ;

At tandèm ulteriùs vetuit producere amores :

Edwini pectus prælia quanta trahunt !

Impete diverso motus, non jussa recusat,

Sed rapit injussu pectore fixus amor.

Sæpè tegunt fentes inter dumeta vagantem,

(Nam pater iratâ visere voce vetat)

Fraude

Fraude notare probâ vestigia sæpè solebat,

Quò lacrymosa pedes contulit Emma fuos ;

Sæpè etiam errabat lunæ sub luce malignâ,

Exspirans animo tristia multa gravi.

Quo fuit ore decor, miserî nunc pallor amantis :

(Languida sic ventis lilia quassa cadunt)

Jamque angore animos fero cruciante, parentes

Impendent nato, quem mala fata premunt.

Ora rigant lacrymis, votis cœlumque fatigant ;

Ah ! quid vota juvant, quid lacrymæve juvant ?

‘ Ah ! morior ; morior ; pia si clementia (clamat)

‘ Corda movet, mæstis, oh ! mihi cara, precor,

‘ Adstet nunc oculis, semper mihi sola voluptas !’

Adstet, mæsta manum jam tenet ipsa manu,

Et gelidam spargit lacrymis ; aurora cadenti

Narcisso roris sic nova spargit aquas.

At malefida soror verba anxia comprimit Emmæ,

Quæ

Quæ dictura fuit ; (væ ! fuit atra foror)

‘ O dilecte mihi juvenis, mihi vivito, vivito care.’

Exspes inde domum vix trahit Emma pedes.

Aura sepulchretum lustranti frigida spirat,

Et bubo mortis carmina voce strepit ;

Nocte sub Edwinus (sic mens sua territa fingit)

Quoque rubo volitat, quoque sonoque gemit.

Nunc sola et turbata metu, loca sacra silentûm

Transferat, matris pertigeratque domum,

Cum campana gravis prælagas perculit aures,

Et fatum ventis triste sonare dedit.

‘ Actum est : exclamat ; fugit pulcherrimus ille,

Et mihi non posthac conspiciendus erit.

Ah ! jam disruptum, cor jam mihi pectora pulsat :’

Dixit, et inflexit morte gravata caput.

DE TEMPESTATIBUS,
QUÆ NUPER ET CREBRO PLAGAM INDİÆ
OCCIDENTALEM VEXAVERUNT.

Χθων σεσαλευται· βρυχια δ' ἤχω

Παραμυκαται βροντης——

Σκιρτα δ' ἀνέμων πνευματα παντων.

ÆSCHYL.

HEU miseros ! cecidere adeo mortalia rerum
Ventorum furiis ? Quà panditur Atlantæum
Æquor, et inde frequens nudo nunc insula surgit
Littore, Musa, feræ recolas monumenta procellæ.

Ergo etiam terris, quas circum flammea cœli
Zona premit, solisque jubar ferit impete recto,
Sæpiùs his super arma Deus minitanti præsens
Explicat ; hîc nubes gravidas longo agmine aquarum,
Fulminis hîc sævas vires, hîc murmura cæca

Inque

Inque cavis terræ penitus, perque aera nigrum,
Et conjuratos rapido vexamine ventos.

Sic ferè Cycladibus numen donavit honores
Occiduis, hinc et felicia rura colonus
Canniferas sperat messes. Quando ingruat æstus
Jam propior, flexusque obeat rota fervida solis
Canceris ad metas, solennia signa precatur
Incola sollicitus; vix formidabile fulgur
Sæpè adeo splendere videt sub nocte serenâ,
Et, si quando tegat nubes tonitralia cæli,
Scintillare ignes, circumque alludere pulchro
Continuos motu. Sed spes arrecta subindè,
Ac timor invadit mentem, ne sævior instet
Tempestas, simul ac spirent incerta plagarum
Flamina, quæ dudùm Phœbi lenire solebant
Ardorem placidè, radentia nota viai.

Haud equidem memorare libet, quas faucibus undas

Hauriat

Hauriat exsuccis tellus, quæ flumina montes
 Verticibus volvant, hinc quantaque confluat arvis
 Eluvies, quæ culta foveat, velut ille Canopi
 Ditat agros, tumefactus aquis cælestibus, amnis.

Hæc libuit meminisse olim, cum lætior illinc
 Herbarum decor, et sylvis rediviva comatis
 Gloria; cum felix cannis reviresceret ordo.
 Namque herbis fuit ille decor, qui Thessala Tempe,
 Vestivitque Ennæ saltus; fuit arbore fructus,
 Qualia curvarunt ramos flaventia poma
 Hesperidum sylvis; fuit et pulcherrimus ordo
 Cannarum, pretiosa quibus sua mella liquebant.

Nunc vero informes terræ: spatiosa per agros
 Aura levis nusquam lectos respirat odores;
 Nunc per nuda loci, nusquam florentia citris,
 Antiquas sedes, volitat defessa columba,
 Quodque refert murmur, dedit gemebunda dolori.

(Quin

Quin, ubi discissâ musæ sub fronde ruina

Parva latet tugurî, juxtâ vagus incola visus,

Mancipium : tacitus stupuit, dein lumine verso

In res confractas, secum complorat inanem

Culturam, dominique vices dum spectat acerbis,

Ipse, suis orbus, patrias reminiscitur oras.

Hæc vero cladis prænuncia signa fuerunt :

Sanguineis cæpit maculis suffundier ora

Phœbeum fidus, cujus cum flamma recessit,

Æthere ceu saturata nimis, majora videri

Astra polo ; nebulæ summo de vertice montis

Amotæ ; fœdusque lacu vapor ortus in auras,

Nec non Oceani fluctu : mox dira sonare

Auditum nemus, et rupes mugire cavernis.

Ventorum, quod quisque valet, dominata vicissim

Flabra suas vires tentârunt : constitit imber

Fulmineus,

Fulmineus, penitùs cælo nimboſa ruit nox ;
 Horror et infedit tacitus terrisque, marique.

Protinùs intumuit ſubtèr molimine venti
 Oceanus, fervetque allifo gurgite littus.
 Jam rupit ſua clauſtra Notus, nigrantibus alis
 Corripuit cælum, necnon commiſcuit imbres
 Flumineos, ruit et longè vehementior Eurus.
 Hos inter magè deſævit conſiſta procella,
 Ingeminat tonitru, lato torrentior ignis
 Limite deſcendit, tenebras fulgore recludens.

En! procùl e portu, qui dudùm navita littus
 Appulerat, ſperans nimirùm opulenta referre
 Multa rati, Jamaica, tuis quæ vellera lanæ
 Canescunt lucis, aut quos vindemia felix
 Indica profundit latices ; per vaſta volavit
 Undarum, correptus ad æthera, pronus ad ima
 Æquora, vela legit fruſtrà, moderamina clavi

Occupat

Occupat incassum ; lacerata antenna, furenti

Fulmine deflagrat puppis, pluviosa ruina

Ingruit, et pelagi fluctus totam obruit ingens.

At solus jam flabra regit Notus ipse tyrannus,

Horridior nimbis propior tonat, omnia torquet

Indomitus ; quin et Boreæ violentia tandem

Vastatrix sævit. Quis jam fragor increpat aures

Littoreus ? nemus immugit, sub pondere flectit

Arboreum robur, divulsæque brachia jactat.

Quid coco profunt frondes, quæ tecta parabant

Indigenis ? quid vel fructus, sylvestria pœcla,

Ipsa suo lætis epulis candentia potu ?

Quid moror ? effrænis turbo deformat amœnas

Valles, et juxtà placidos plantaria rivos :

Jamque etenim contorta gravi stridore feruntur

Arbusta, atque alios campos infestnit arundo.

Vertice tolluntur rapido fracta arma laborum,

Saxosæ

Saxosæ moles tolluntur ; pariete nudo
 Stat domus, aut jam fumat humi collapsa repentè,
 Atque hominum sub morte premit trepidantia membra,
 Heu ! quid agant, si quos nondùm sua limina letho
 Condiderint ? quò firma ferant vestigia ? terrent
 Et fragor, et gemitus, et fata extrema suorum,
 Quænam tecta petant ? Casulæ, de vertice turres
 Corruerunt ; nec fida fati sunt ænea belli
 Mæniz, mortali jamdudùm invicta furore.
 Interèa subter pedibus conflata remugit
 Tempestas, cæco pertentans intima motu.
 Vix adeo miror, quòd nunc fabrefacta domorum
 Tecta ruant : stabilita sacro fundamine tellus
 Ipsa labat, trepidat quassata ex sedibus altis,
 Clausâ vi tumet, aut vasto se pandit hiatu.

Nulla salus : campis paritèr vicisque perîcla,
 Horrisonæ passim strages ; quin plura videres

Funera,

Funera, quin lacrymas rerum, quas fæda tenebris

Nox tegit, aut partim devalant fulgura cælo.

At tandèm ventis vacat ; et sperata diei

Lux redit ; oh ! quam grata illis, quos pace quietâ

Compositos, revocatque alacres ad munia vitæ !

Sed ciet ad luctus, sævæ spectacula cladis,

Quod supereft hominum : lugent direpta laborum

Præmia, nudatosque lares, messesque revulsas.

“ Ah ! quoties, Columbe, tuas divina procella

Vexavit terras, quoties, velut exul, in arvis

Incola stat propriis, mergique voragine vastâ

Res videt, aut cumulos necis, aut deserta locorum !

Ah ! quianam cæli rabies ?—sed littora cuncti

(Si quid opis restat) linquamus, quæ vovet ira

Numinis excidio ; sedes meliore petamus

Alite ; si lateant, quas non scelerata cupido,

Quas victu faciles nunquam vis invida turbat

N

Ventorum :

Ventorum : procùl et multas pacata recondit
 Australis plaga : ridet ibi felicior annus,
 Sylvarumque quies, placidumque ad littora murmur.
 Non rapit has furor æthereus, non impia circum
 Semotas strepitant humana tonitrua gentes,
 Quid stamus ?—mentes etiam dulcedine notâ
 Vincimur ; fractas quanquam, libet usque tueri
 Fortunas, sparsim cognataque funera campis.”

DE HALSEWELL NAUFRAGIUM PASSA.

JUSSOS læta maris tractus invaserat Halsewell,
 Et minimè instantis conscia cladis erat.

“ Vos, Britonum colles, et vos valeatis, amici!”

Dixerat, ad patriam non reditura suam.

Jam vix orta fuit primo Portlandia cursu,

Cum subito preffit turbine Divus eam.

Quæ tibi, ventorum rex, indignatio mentem

Cepit ? cur furiis acta fremebat hyems ?

Quid, quid sæve pater, tantum peccaverit in te,

Heu ! tantas clades, funera tanta merens ?

Nam tuus erupit Boreas, et turbidus Eurus,

Æquora contorsit : sic jubet ira tua.

Invadunt navim ; trabes ruptæque feruntur

Fluctibus, heu ! vitæ jam via sola viris.

Certatim has nacti, luctantur in æquore pauci,

Vel scopulos prendunt, vel moriuntur aquis.

Pallent in puppi pars cætera morte futurâ,

Nec pelago fisci, numina furda vocant.

Naufragus interea stridor, mæstique tumultus

Miscentur passim, fæmineusque dolor.

Ipse tenens clavum confractum immobilis aëtas

Dux ; at in hos fluctus quid tua cura valet ?

En ! natæ patris lateri pereuntis adhærent :

Non

Non lacrymæ patris, non pia vota juvant ;
Forma nec ipsarum potuit te, Dive movere :
Amplexu victos devorat unda simul.

NOCET EMPTA DOLORE VOLUPTAS.

SOL propè jam medium cæli conscenderat orbem,
Cum trahat ex lecto languida membra nepos.

Heu ! somnis subeuns, stimulos sub pectore versat
Anxietas, vitæ tædiaque ægra fovet.

“ Me miserum ! ” ingemuit : “ posthàc mihi nulla vo-

“ Tempora decipient gaudia nulla mea ? [luptas ?

“ Omnia gustavi ; tunc omnia acerba fuerunt ;

“ Et modo nunc fæces, tædia longa, manent.

“ Adde, quod ante diem venit imbecilla senectus,

“ Morborum et corpus conficit agmen atrox.

“ Olìm fama abiit, nullo reparabilis ævo ;

“ Totus

“ Totus enim in luxu deliciisque fui.

“ Quò tendam, dubito : visam de more tabernas ?

“ Tædia non Bacchus longa lavare valet.

“ An ganeas ? illic memini periisse pudorem :

“ Adfunt, quicquid adest, tædia longa mihi ;

“ Et veneres et vina meo corrupta sapor.—

“ Ah ! quid agam ? Tu mors tædia sola moves ;

“ Mors optata, veni.”—Dedit ista novissima verba,

Abstulit atque animam, tædiaque ægra simul.

AMANTIUM IRÆ AMORIS REDINTEGRA-
TIO EST.

CONJUGE cum fidâ fidicen communia vitæ
Gaudia cognôrat, jurgia mixta joco.

Ast Deus, aut ipsi miseris (quæ causa, profari

Musa vetat) tandem prælia sæva cient.

Jam

Jam voces, ceu tela, volant, et multa vicissim

Vulnera dant ; missas audit uterque dolens.

Jamque toro nolunt posthac concumbere in uno ;

Sed frustra : fuit his unicus ille torus.

At dormire simul nolunt, citharâque cubile

Dissociant ; medius limes et ista tori.

Sed quondâm in somnis noctu cum sternuat ille,

Illa statim clamat, ‘ numen adesto tibi !’

‘ Num veras profers voces ?’ sic ille ; refertque

Conjux, ‘ Quod voluit mens mihi, verba sonant.’

‘ Siccine tu dicis, ducisque ex pectore verba ?

Grata sonant : absit limes et iste tori.’

DATE OBOLUM BELISARIO.

EN! date vos Britoni ; pauper, mancus, pede
Miles, qui vicit plurima, pauca petit. [claudus

Haud

Haud graviora queror, non vitæ tristia fata,

Non astra ; ex usu vix foret, ista queri.

Nescio, quis genitor, materve : ergastula parvum

More suo (parvo daps mihi nulla fuit)

Eduxêre ; quoad potui, perferre labores

Jusserunt ; abiit, venit et alma dies.

Mox labor accrevit ; sed tum mihi fortior ætas

Accessit : peragens munia lætus eram.

Prælia grassari tandèm, quum milite princeps

Indiget, et, quos vult, cogit in arma vagos :

Quos inter, non pro meritis, trahor, atque revinctis

Constringor manibus, donec in arma vocor.

Heus ! vocor—arma fero liber, certamina pugnæ

Audeo ; mens ardet pro patriâque mori.

In Gallos quoties navalia fulmina nostræ

Direxêre manus, funera quanta dedi !

Sed mox ipse vices subeo, confractaque membra

Perpetior :

Perpetior : dolor heu ! cedimus indecores.
 Nunc imbellè pecus, navis detrudimur imo,
 Dumque fames intùs, febris et ægra furit.
 Hic itidèm felix videor, quem nulla peredit
 Esuries : febris dispulit ægra famem.
 Littora pertigimus ; tenebris et carcere captos,
 Reliquias cladis, spes fovet alma diu.
 At tandèm rapimus vectem, nudique necamus
 Custodes ; portu solvimus atque ratem.
 Atque iterùm læti patrias invisimus oras,
 Et, quotquot possunt, prælia plura cient.
 Sed me, quod doleo, jam tardat inutile corpus,
 Quod jam sola levet vestra benigna manus.
 Qualia me passum nôstis—communia fata :
 Rex vivat, vobis salvaque membra fient.'

VERSUS CHORICI,

EX FABULA SOPHOCLIS, SCILICET,
ŒDIPODE COLONEO DESUMPTI.

HOSPES accêsti pedibus secundis,
Quà facri candet regio Coloni ;

Uber hæc tellus, validæque prolis

Mater equorum ;

Inter umbrosas Philomela valles

Gaudet argutos iterare cantus,

Cui super texunt hederæ virenti

Fronde coronam ;

Avii luci, foliis nigrantes,

Quos nec invadit Boreas, nec Aufter ;

Bacchus hîc ducit, foclique cætus

Nocte choreas ;

Rore Narcissus bene fatus almo

Semper hîc florum procreat racemos,

O

Unde

Unde neſtuntur ſuperis Deabus

Serta quotanniſ ;

Et crocus fert auricomos honores,

Obſtrepunt fontes vigilique lapſu,

Atque Cephifus rigat inde campos

Plenior amniſ ;

Quin, ubi flumen, Jove non negante,

Volvitur, campi pariunt feraces,

Quos amant Muſæ, Venus atque ridens

Viſere geſtit.

Aſiæ nuſquàm regione creſcit,

Doricâ nuſquàm Pelopis videtur,

Qualiſ hâc noſtrâ vigit timenda

Hoſtibus arbor :

Nemo tentavit, juveniſ, ſenexve,

Impio ferro ruere hanc olivam ;

Aſpiciſ lumen Joviſ, et Minervæ

Provida cura.

Alteram

Alteram laudem memorare possum ;

Dona quæ Divi tribuere nobis :

Cæteras præstat ratibusque, equisque

Terra Coloni.

Tu decus nostrum, maris O supreme

Rector, in tantum studio tulisti :

Et ferox durum quadrupes recepit

Te duce, frenum :

Navitæ remi manibusque pulsi

Incito motu volitant per æquor,

Et, velut Nymphis comites marinis,

Cærula verrunt.

EX ANTIGONE.

OMNE, vel nummos, superas, Cupido;
Excubas vultu tenero puellæ;

Alta perlustras marium, fovesque

Pascua læta.

Nemo te vitet gelidâ carentûm

Morte; cui vita est spatium diei,

Nemo: quæis subdis stimulos, domantur

Corda furore.

Tu trahis justos ad iniqua facta,

Triste tu conflas odium propinquis;

Sic movet mentes oculis decora

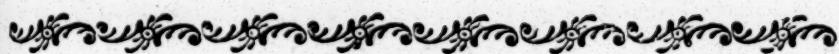
Nubila virgo.

Judices inter, folio potenti

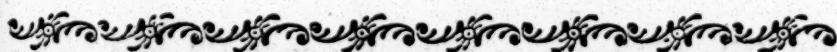
Affidens, misces veneranda jura:

Hunc enim ludum Venus insolentem

Ludere gaudet.



ENGLISH POEMS.



A PRO-

A PROLOGUE,

SPOKEN BEFORE THE EXERCISES AT THE
BREAKING UP OF CHESTER SCHOOL, 1785.

MY master, who has whims (for who is clear ?) }
 Calling me forth to crave your patient ear, }
 Terms this his court of session for the year.

Commiffion'd, then, I venture to proclaim it—
 ‘Oyez!’—a gaol-deliv’ry, fhall I name it? [ware:’—
 “No, youngfter, no:” He frowns, and cries ‘Be-
 But, fpite of frowns or tasks, for once I’ll dare
 To prove my allufion juft. Survey thefe walls;
 Their joylefs bound full many a wretch enthralls.
 Here the long months, the little pris’ner fits,
 Here, trembling, gnaws and cons his book by fits:
 While ever and anon, the plaintive cry
 Of fuff’ring brethren draws his plaintive eye.

Hard fate ! but often to this blissful day,
 Thro' the dull glooms of time, his wishes stray ;
 And, as the stick its less'ning notches shews,
 His gladden'd heart forgets its load of woes.

Again, to prove the sad allusion true,
 The grate-like windows of our prison view.
 Does the full day-light hurt a school-boy's brain,
 That thus it struggles thro' th' encrusted pane ?
 Why do those * envious walls the light exclude ?—
 Why—truth and day-light wou'd too much intrude ;
 Then would the tell-tale sun, or curious eye,
 This scene of shame, and fear, and grief descry.

Frown not, my worthy audience, at my prating :
 This phrase of gaol-deliv'ry, tho' so grating,

I'll

* Many of the school windows have been reduced to less than half
 of their original size.

I'll hold it valid beyond all denial ;
 For some of us are brought to take our trial.
 See there my fellow-culprits in their places :
 Ah ! how suspense and terror mark their faces !
 Bad symptoms these ! but sure, the breast of youth
 No inmate knows, save innocence and truth.
 If put on their defence, they soon wou'd say,
 That not their guilt, but you their souls dismay,
 That honest fears, which this dread court imparts,
 Blanch their young cheeks, and flutter at their hearts.
 Hear them, however : for they'll come before ye,
 Imploring mercy from their † judge and jury.

E P I.

† Bishop Porteus, who was present.

EPILOGUE,

SPOKEN BY A YOUNG GENTLEMAN, WHO
WAS GOING TO COLLEGE, 1787.

KIND friends ! I come to pay my last adieu :
For much I owe to ‡ you, and ¶ you, and § you.

No more I sportive tread this well-worn floor,

Or con in order prim the learned lore ;

Careful to prove, with anatomic art,

How grammar-concords fit each little part ;

Or scorning tense and case, embrace the quill,

And climb with measur'd feet Parnassus' hill.

Hard task, I ween, to step with native ease

To the soft cadence of Ovidian lays,

And build, by Lily's rules, the sounding line !

For how can Lily give the energy divine ?

P

Yet

‡ The audience. ¶ The master. § The boys.

Yet have the beauties of the classic page
 Oft charm'd the wand'rings of my thoughtless age,
 Rapt me from Deva's banks to Mantuan plains,
 To hear in beechen shades the loves of swains;
 Oft too, by Homer and by fancy led,
 I join'd with heroes at the battle's head,
 And grew a demi-hero as I read.

Sweet bards, I charge on you no irksome toil :
 Your magic strains e'en school-boy-cares beguile :
 And when in Cambria, or by Isis' stream
 I rove, your praises be my constant theme.
 Yet, ere I haste these hallow'd seats to leave,
 Ye, gen'rous partners of my toil, receive,
 What my warm heart will ever aim to prove,
 A brother's wishes, and a brother's love.

Go on in virtue's paths ; dare to be wise,
 So Horace says, and well does he advise :

Mind not the Syren Ease ; her promis'd joy
Is mis'ry ; she invites, but to destroy.

No more with you I take my station here,
To play the youthful orator once a year ;
No more, with straining lungs and beating heart,
To this fair groupe a labour'd speech impart.
Dear youths, farewell ! tho' hope may fire my mind
With gaudier views, regret will look behind,
Will leave one pray'r for all, that all may know
Each bliss, that heav'n and virtue can bestow.

TRANSLATIONS

FROM THE CONSOLATION OF PHILOSOPHY,

BY BOETHIUS.

I, Who erewhile in sprightly numbers sung,
Now tune my notes to eiegic woe ;

In

Yet have the beauties of the classic page
Oft charm'd the wand'rings of my thoughtless age,
Rapt me from Deva's banks to Mantuan plains,
To hear in beechen shades the loves of swains ;
Oft too, by Homer and by fancy led,
I join'd with heroes at the battle's head,
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Sweet bards, I charge on you no irksome toil :
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And when in Cambria, or by Isis' stream
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Ye, gen'rous partners of my toil, receive,
What my warm heart will ever aim to prove,
A brother's wishes, and a brother's love.

Go on in virtue's paths ; dare to be wise,
So Horace says, and well does he advise :

Mind not the Syren Eafe ; her promis'd joy
Is mis'ry ; ſhe invites, but to deſtroy.

No more with you I take my ſtation here,
To play the youthful orator once a year ;
No more, with ſtraining lungs and beating heart,
To this fair groupe a labour'd ſpeech impart.
Dear youths, farewel ! tho' hope may fire my mind
With gaudier views, regret will look behind,
Will leave one pray'r for all, that all may know
Each bliſs, that heav'n and virtue can beſtow.

TRANSLATIONS
FROM THE CONSOLATION OF PHILOSOPHY,
BY BOETHIUS.

I, Who erewhile in ſprightly numbers fung,
Now tune my notes to elegiac woe ;

In

In tatter'd plight the Muses prompt my tongue,
While heart-wrung tears in doleful concert flow.

These still are true, nor fear a tyrant's frown,
These still, unaw'd, my lonely steps attend ;
Pride of my soul, when youth and fortune shone !
In age and grief their soothing aid they lend.

For, urg'd by grief, I feel the blight of Age ;
His tyrant-hand hath seiz'd his feeble prey,
O'er my poor head he pours his hoary rage ;
And my shrunk frame now trembles with decay.

Welcome is Death, when life is pain and care,
Who comes, invoc'd, to stop the wretch's cries :
But ah ! too oft his ear rejects our pray'r,
Nor deigns his hand to close our weeping eyes.

Faithless,

Faithless, yet kind, when fortune smil'd serene,
Fate threaten'd then t' eclipse my noon-tide ray ;
Now black'ning clouds deform the varied scene,
Life lingers still, with odious, dull delay.

Ah ! is it bliss, when near ally'd to woe ?

A shadowy joy so vainly could ye call ?

Ah ! is it bliss, which fortune can o'erthrow ?

Say, was he firm, who thus was doom'd to fall ?

FROM THE SAME.

ALAS ! in dark despondence lost,
By blasts of worldly passions tost,

Far from the light of truth astray,

His mind pursues her dreary way ;

His mind, which once could freely soar,

And heav'n's sublimest heights explore,

High

High as the bright-hair'd Sun's abode,
 Or paler Cynthia's starry road.
 He view'd the wand'ring fires, that move
 Amid yon azure fields above ;
 His skill, his great enlarged soul,
 Knew by what fixed rules they roll.

Why o'er the regions of the deep
 The winds with roaring fury sweep ;
 What unseen pow'r directs the ball,
 What active spirit breathes thro' all ;
 Why on the eastern hills displays
 The youthful Sun his morning rays ;
 And, as he leaves the world to night,
 Sinks in the West his blushing light ;
 Why with the rosy buxom Hours
 Spring decks anew the earth with flow'rs,
 And why the plenteous, purple chear
 Of Autumn crowns the ripen'd year ;

To

To know, and solve each latent cause,
 With care he study'd nature's laws.
 But now, no more he views the skies ;
 His groveling soul inactive lies,
 Of all her inward light bereav'd,
 By sorrow's galling load enslav'd.

FROM THE SAME.

THE man, whose days in peaceful currents flow,
 Who scorns the smiles or frowns of fate,
 Who looks unmov'd on either state,
 Nor dreads the sad reverse, from high to low :
 Not raging seas, when storms their billows roll,
 Or all their frightful depths disclose,
 Nor hot Vesuvius' lab'ring throes,
 Nor Heaven's own flaming bolts can shake his soul.

Why

Why should the wretch to ruthless tyrants kneel,

Whose pow'r can work so little harm?

Thou mayst their fiercest rage disarm,

If neither fears nor hopes thy bosom feel.

But he, whom hope transports, or fear appals,

Lest chance his fancy'd bliss o'erthrow,

Hath bar'd his breast to ev'ry foe,

And fast in slavish chains his heart enthrals.

NOTHING, A POEM,
TRANSLATED FROM PASSERAT, A FRENCH
POET AND CRITIC OF THE SIXTEENTH
CENTURY.

ADDRESSED TO HIS FRIEND MEMMIUS.

JANUS is here; the festal day
Demands a tributary lay,

The

The barren Muse no lay can bring,
 Dry'd up is the Castalian spring—
 What—not a spark of mental fire,
 The sluggard Genius to inspire?
 Must she with empty hand appear
 Before the Porter of the year?
 Rather in paths untry'd before,
 Let us what 'no where' is, explore.

Lo! whilst the undetermin'd muse,
 Now up, now down, the search pursues,
 Turns here and there, and round and round;
 Nay—do not smile—she's NOTHING found.

NOTHING more worth than gems we hold,
 NOTHING more precious is than gold;
 With kindness, Sir, your ears incline,
 No hackney'd, ranfack'd theme is mine:

Q

Grecian

Grecian and Roman bards, we own,
 Thro' all Pieria's heights have flown ;
 NOTHING 's the subject, yet un Sung
 By Grecian or by Roman tongue.

Where'er, from high Olympian throne,
 Bright Ceres on her fields looks down ;
 Where'er old Ocean shews his face,
 And clasps the earth in close embrace ;
 NOTHING beginning wants, and end ;
 NOTHING does bliss complete attend.

If hence, indisputably shine
 The pow'r and energy divine,
 What offer'd gifts, what flames can rise,
 Worthy the Ruler of the skies ?

NOTHING 's more pleasing to the sight
 Than the clear day's fair beaming light ;

NOTHING

NOTHING more beauteous verdure spreads,
Than water'd lawns, or flow'ry meads.

NOTHING more jocund is than Spring ;
More soft than Zephyr's balmy wing.

NOTHING the rage of war defies,
And ev'n in tumult sacred lies.

NOTHING, in peace, is right and just.

NOTHING, in treaties, you may trust.

Happy, who NOTHING still enjoys ;

Be this my boon, Tibullus cries ;

He nor for doubtful lawfuits cares,

Nor baleful fires, nor thieves, nor snares.

Nay—he whom grave old † Zeno owns

The first of wisdom's favour'd sons,

Tho' all things else to fate he leaves,

NOTHING admires, and NOTHING craves.

Among

† An ancient Grecian philosopher, and founder of the sect of Stoics.

Among the old || Socratic crew,
 'Twas wisdom, NOTHING, Sir, to know ;
 And, Sir, I speak it to our praise,
 NOTHING 's the study now a days ;
 Still 'tis our youth's supreme concern
 NOTHING, at school, at home, to learn ;
 Who NOTHING know, are sure to rise
 To wealth, and fame, and dignities.

Know NOTHING—all the sense you'll gain
 That fill'd the § Pythagoric bean,
 Which, in forensick disputation,
 Possess'd a suffrage of * NEGATION.

Many

|| Socrates said, all his knowledge only served to teach him this,
 " that he knew NOTHING."

§ Pythagoras believed beans had souls, and forbid his disciples to
 eat them.

* Beans were used in the ancient courts of judicature ; the white
 bean was the sign of a suffrage in favour of the obnoxious person ; the
 black, of the contrary.

† Many, with Mercury their guide,
 Earth's bowels pure have liquefy'd,
 Willing their substance to consume
 In secret works, and fire, and fume ;
 Till, with long loss, and labour weak,
 They NOTHING find, yet NOTHING seek.

Not ev'n the man, whose copious brains
 Can sum the sands of Afric's plains,
 With measuring staff, or out-stretch'd line,
 Can boundless NOTHING's length define.
 NOTHING, not Sol's bright influence shares.
 NOTHING, is higher than the stars.

Ev'n you, my friend, whose soul profound
 Can scale the skies, or pierce the ground ;
 Whose wise, acute, sagacious mind
 To depths unknown a clue can find ;

Ev'n

† This alludes to the search after the philosopher's-stone, which at that time particularly exercised the lucubrations of the curious.

Ev'n you (with your good leave I'll say)

Ign'rant of NOTHING seem to be.

Yet NOTHING 's clear as Sol's bright beam,
Conspicuous as the lambent flame.

Touch NOTHING, Sir, and you'll confess

You touch a thing that 's bodiless.

View NOTHING, Sir, and you shall view

What 's colourless and shapeless too.

NOTHING, tho' deaf, can hear, and speaks

Although it never silence breaks ;

Flies without wings ; and ev'n can run

Without a leg to stand upon.

Nay, lacking motion, parts, and place,

NOTHING can move through empty space.

NOTHING more useful, Sir, you'll find

Than art of healing, to mankind :

Let not the lover then rehearse

The mutt'ring wizard's magic verse,

Nor,

Nor, with the ‡ rhombus' rumbling roll,
 Inconstant Luna's course controll;
 Nor vain || Dictæan herbage crop
 Along the lofty Ida's top;
 For NOTHING's lenient aid, be sure,
 The pining lover's wounds can cure;
 Or, if by Charon ferry'd o'er,
 Can fetch him from the Stygian shore.
 NOTHING has influence, Sir, to rule
 The grisly Pluto's ruthless soul;
 To curb the rigid Sisters three,
 And stem the force of destiny.

Stretch'd on the fam'd § Phlegræa's field,
 And taught by mightier pow'r to yield,

The

‡ A kind of rolling instrument, which was used in incantations.

|| The herb Dictamnus, famous for its medicinal virtues.

§ The plains of Phlegræa are noted for the battle said to be fought there, between the giants and the gods.

The Titan offspring NOTHING prove
More pow'rful than the bolts of Jove.
NOTHING, how strange to tell ! is found
Beyond the universal round.
NOTHING—but wherefore add we more ?
NOTHING ev'n gods themselves adore.
Virtue to merit has pretence,
NOTHING has greater excellence.
In fine, let Jove his honours claim,
NOTHING can boast a higher name.

But hold ! no more the theme prolong,
'Tis time to end a silly song ;
No more of NOTHING, muse, rehearse,
In this thy good for NOTHING verse,
Left, after all, a theme so light,
Should NOTHING but disgust excite.

FIDICINIS ET PHILOMELÆ CERTAMEN.

BY STRADA.

NOW Sol, descending from his mid-day blaze,
 With mild effulgence shot his golden rays ;

When Strephon took his lyre to sooth his care,

And pour'd its music through the silent air,

Where Tiber's streams in pleasing murmurs flow,

And the broad holm-oaks cool the vale below.

His strains the jealous Philomela move,

The sweetest Syren of the neighb'ring grove.

Behind the verdant spray she hears unseen,

And, envious, echos each melodious strain.

Keen emulation swells her little throat,

To try her pow'rs, and warble note for note.

Strephon admir'd the songster's sweet essay,

And strove again to wake the vocal lay ;

R

Now

Now the full music of his lyre explores,
 Or shews, with flying hand, a master's pow'rs.
 In vary'd strains the bird renews her song,
 In many a labour'd trill it flows along.
 Thus with responding zeal her skill she proves,
 When o'er the strings the swain his finger moves,
 And careless seem'd his touch, the music flow ;
 Its simple sounds in even tenor flow.
 Instant the chords his hurrying finger plies,
 The quicken'd tones in rapid movement rise.
 He stops : responsive to each note she sings ;
 With equal pow'rs she imitates his strings.
 As one perplex'd, what other strain to chuse,
 One plain, unvary'd tune the bird pursues ;
 No quaver mixes in her artless note,
 Free, like the current, issuing from her throat.

Now

Now quick and light the warbled numbers move
 In trembling echos, through the vocal grove,
 This Strephon heard, in transports of amaze,
 That such a throat should utter strains like these ;
 Again new efforts of his art he tries,
 Through all the scale of sounds his finger flies ;
 In concord bids the shrill and bass unite ;
 So the loud clarion fires the soul to fight.
 Again the Syren sings : and, whilst her tongue
 In well-tim'd warblings thrills through all her song,
 To louder harmony she swells the note,
 Then rolls the deep'ning murmur in her throat ;
 Now shrill and clear her song, now deep and low ;
 So clarions urge the foldier to the foe.
 Strephon now blush'd, with glowing ire inflam'd,
 " Or Philomel shall yield," he quick exclaim'd,

" Or

" Or perish this weak lyre : " he said no more,
 But tun'd to harmony beyond her pow'r ;
 Now loud, now shrill, now rais'd to loftier notes ;
 On Zephyr's wing the trembling music floats.
 Again the crouding strings the artist plies,
 The vary'd numbers echo through the skies.
 He stops, expectant of his rival's song ;
 She, though her voice now roughens on her tongue,
 To own his pow'r superior still disdains ;
 Yet ah ! in vain she tunes her sweetest strains ;
 For whilst her little, simple voice essays
 The labour'd mazes of his artful lays,
 Too great th' attempt, too great her sorrows rise,
 Upon the victor's lyre she falls, and dies.

S L E E P.

S L E E P.

Pater o rerum, portus vitæ,
Lucis requies, noctisque comes,
Qui par regi, famuloque venis,
Placidus fessum lenisque fovens;
Pavidum lethi genus humanum,
Cogis longam discere mortem.

SENECÆ HERCULES FURENS.

I.

HAIL, mystic Sleep! like Death array'd,
Whether his brother or his shade,
Potent, like him, to sooth to rest
The pangs and tumults of the suff'ring breast.
Great monarch of the shadowy choir,
Whose nod ten thousand forms attend,
While each, thy servant, and thy friend,
Officious pays his quick devoir:
Thee, form substantial may we name?
Or vapour from the Stygian stream,

Dost

Dost thou, a transient guest, arise
 To lull our souls, and close our eyes ?
 Oblivion, sprung from Lethe's tide,
 Waits, torpid goddess, at thy side,
 Whilst with soft foot and airy bound,
 Light Fancy leads the dance around,
 Fancy ! gay sylphid, sprightly queen,
 Enliv'ner of the murky scene :
 And dreams, and visions, round her play,
 In painted garbs, and vestments gay,
 Or stalk tremendous, through the airy way.

II.

'Tis thine, O Sleep ! so poets tell,
 In drear Cimmerian haunt to dwell,
 Where, wrapt in clouds, the mountains brow
 Sheds dusky horrors o'er the vale below.

Far from the Sun's all chearing ray,
 Beside a fullen river's wave,
 Gapes the dull entrance of thy cave,
 Midst hov'ring mists, and twilight grey:
 No feather'd songster, there upborne,
 With wakeful voice salutes the morn,
 But all is solemn, silent, still,
 Save where the hollow murm'ring rill,
 Low creeping through the depths of night,
 Doth slumbers more profound excite:
 The poppy there delights to spread,
 And nodding, lifts its languid head,
 With herbs of baneful note, that breathe
 Soporuous juices, draughts of death:
 While thousand fleeting shadows rise,
 Whose mystic forms illude our eyes,
 Impervious phalanx, dark'ning all the skies.

III.

And often in the sylvan shade,
 Where dimly beams the darkling glade,
 Underneath some silent bow'r,
 'Thou lov'st dull Sleep, to lose the listless hour.
 There thy imps beside thee nod:
 Or skimming low in mazy rings,
 Slowly flap their leathern wings,
 In lazy circlets round their God.
 Then, flying from the face of day,
 Should Melancholy thither stray,
 In the low gloom, the echoing vale
 Hears her tell her plaintive tale;
 And trees that quiver, streams that flow
 With mournful murmurs, soothe her woe.
 Thee the sad maid invokes, to shed
 Oblivious dews around her head,

And

And soon kind Morpheus brings relief,
 For Morpheus is the friend of grief :
 Indulgent genius of the place,
 He waves his wand—her sorrows cease,
 And all is hush'd in stillness and in peace.

IV.

And often dost thou deign to bless
 The humble peasant's poor recess,
 When from the labours of the day,
 With homeward feet he "plods his weary way :"
 Soon, with thy leaden wand oppress,
 Beneath the lowly cottage-shade,
 On the cold floor he strews his bed,
 And gives his limbs to early rest.
 There, the soft slumbers of the clown
 Prove the hard floor a bed of down ;

S

'The

The wind, from cranny'd nooks that blows,
 Never molests his calm repose,
 Nor gloomy midnight storms, that spread
 Their sounding fury round his head.
 Safe in thy arms, the hind awhile
 Forgets his daily care and toil ;
 Nor longer now, alas ! deplores
 That barren fields refuse their stores ;
 Nor baneful star, he recks, nor rain,
 That whelms destruction on his grain,
 And spoils the year, and deluges the plain.

V.

And often, in some rural scene,
 Thou shunn'st the busy haunts of men,
 Such as Arcadia's fleecy vale,
 Renown'd in many a poet's tale :

There,

There, at thine ease, in roseate bow'rs,
 Or in the flow'r-bespangled mead,
 Dost thou with shepherds make thy bed,
 And waste the sultry noon-tide hours ;
 Or else in grot, with moss o'er-grown,
 Hewn within the living stone ;
 Or beside the prattling rill,
 On grassy bank, or sunny hill ;
 Or beneath the Mantuan shade,
 That spreading beech or elm has made.
 There are thy sweetest hours, for there
 Nor baleful envy comes, nor care ;
 And seldom in that blest abode,
 Shall heart-molesting Grief corrode :
 Content is there, that purer joy
 That with it brings no base alloy,
 And Innocence, and sweet Simplicity.

VI.

But when in courts thy train appears,
Then frown thy fiercer ministers,
Horror, fell monster, and Affright,
And Bugbears, formidable sons of Night :
Ten thousand hideous spectres nigh,
Parade before the mental eye,
And wretched mortals terrify,
With boding, dull despondency.
Courfing through the midnight gloom,
There Incubus delights to roam,
Till viewing where at rest is laid
Some rakish youth, or love-sick maid,
Soon quits the fiend his monster steed,
And eager mounts the stately bed ;
Then, by his ruthless weight oppress'd,
Vainly heaves the lab'ring breast ;

In triumph fits the haggard wight,
 His fiery eyes illume the night ;
 Like some huge bear, his weight he plies,
 Stretch'd at full length the victim lies,
 And, vainly spent, each embryo effort dies.

VII.

Thee ! Deity with balmy wing,
 Thee too ! they hail, of kings the king ;
 Thou rulest all, and all below
 Before thy soporific sceptre bow :
 Yet often, in the restless hour,
 Princes vainly court thine aid,
 While thy mellifluous gifts are shed
 Spontaneous on the mean and poor.
 Elate with pride, when tyrants frown,
 'Tis thine to bring the haughty down,
 And Philip's mighty son, of yore,
 Confess'd, O Sleep ! thy mightier pow'r : Too

Too great for earth, he wish'd to claim
 The honours of a heav'nly name ;
 And servile Flatt'ry bow'd the knee
 To hail the pageant Deity ;
 But soon, by thee compell'd, the youth
 Unwilling own'd the force of truth.
 So few the hours, alas ! that fate
 Permits to human pomp and state,
 For * Sleep confounds the little and the great.

VIII.

Hail then ! the wearied's end and aim,
 And all the world's sweet requiem ;
 Hail thou ! that kindly dost intrude
 To human toils a peaceful interlude :

Of

* Alexander, when saluted a god by his parasites, confessed himself mortal, mentioning several things which convinced him of his mortality, particularly sleep, which he said was the image of death.

Vide Plutarch : in Alexand.

Of timid man the gentle friend,
Thou bid'st us by degrees prepare
A more lasting sleep to bear,
And now anticipate our end.
When monarch Reason, lull'd to rest,
Lets fall the sceptre of the breast ;
At thy command, unbounded queen,
Fancy usurps her mimic reign.
She ridicules in wanton play
The arduous trifles of the day,
Laughs at vain man's delusive schemes,
And points him to his waking dreams.
Thus, while his aid our bodies find,
Sleep brings instruction for the mind.
Let man instruction's voice obey,
And well improve his fleeting day,
Then sleep, and wake to immortality.

SPRING.

S P R I N G.

O ! Thou of with'ring mien,
Whose tempests rudely rend this beauteous
Hence to thy native cave, [scene,
Or brood o'er Scythia's icy-fetter'd wave :
For, Winter, thee of yore
Night, haggard beldame, to the Northwind bore,
To rule his bleak domain,
When youthful Jove began his iron reign.
But come, thou nymph of dewy eye,
Which softly beams with vivid joy,
Whose locks in primrose wreaths are twin'd,
Or loofely woo the western wind ;
Thou, who dost tread the spangled mead,
In drefs of Nature's woof array'd,
Such as in fhow'ry cloud we view,
Thaumantia's robe of mingled hue :

Come,

Come, and thy landscapes all disclose,
 While yet the morn but faintly glows,
 While yet she spreads her modest veil
 Of shadowy mists o'er hill and dale.
 And lo, where many an antic round
 Quaintly marks the verdant ground !
 For there the fairy elves have trod,
 Dancing o'er the hallow'd sod ;
 Their nightly orgies there they keep,
 And through the day in flow'rets sleep.
 The little insect-sons of Spring
 In duteous hum their requiem sing,
 As o'er the bloomy field they stray,
 Bearing the yellow spoil away.
 From ev'ry grove and ev'ry tree
 Burst the wild notes of harmony.

T

Thy

Thy presence, genial nymph, inspires
The music of the woodland choirs.
In Fancy's architecture skill'd,
The little warblers featly build
In many a shade the mossy nest,
There from their airy flights to rest.
Oh ! may no truant-lad espy,
And seize the prey with cruel joy.
But fearless of his thievish aims,
Her nest of clay the swallow frames,
In which, to cottage-rafter hung,
She fondly feeds her twitt'ring young.
Now the glad hind renews his toil,
And cheerly turns the yielding soil,
Who trusts to see the hidden grain
With golden harvests clothe the plain.

Lo ! down the slope of yonder meads,
 His fleecy care the shepherd leads ;
 And, echoing from the neighb'ring hill,
 Is heard his pipe's melodious trill ;
 While bleating lambkins join the found,
 Playing their harmless gambols round.
 But tell me, breezes, whence ye bear
 This balmy sweetness through the air ?
 Behind that fence of hawthorn-bloom
 Does Flora breathe the rich perfume ?
 The flow'ry tribes in order gay
 There ope their beauties to the day :
 From whence full oft the rustic Fair
 Her bosom decks, or braids her hair ;
 Whene'er the village-train with glee
 Hail the Vernal jubilee.

ON THE SPRING OF THE YEAR 1786.

I.

AVAUNT, fell Winter ! hence retire
To Caucasus' or Hecla's wither'd head.

There, within thy own demefne,
Vent thy all-blaffing ire,
Till Autumn's ripen'd joys are fled,
And drear December call thee here again.
Enough hath Albion's drooping ifle
Felt of thy destructive blaft ;
Ere this fhe fondly thought thy fury paft,
And rais'd her head with many an op'ning fmile.

II.

Freed from thy tyrannic chain,
Nature expanded all her blooming ftore,
Gladfome to find her pow'r again :
On ev'ry fpray a bud was feen,
In ev'ry bud an infant flow'r
Pept through its veft of liveliest green : On

On many a branch the feather'd throng
Woo'd the sweet Spring with happy song,
Of future nuptials, and the chirping nest,
With all the parent in their breast.

III.

On the mountain's funny top,
Piping his rural notes, the shepherd fate,
While his young lambs the tender herbage crop,
And adown the mountain's side
The soft stream cours'd with purling tide ;
And the solemn murm'ring breeze,
Rustling through the waving trees,
Render'd the rural harmony complete.

Along the dew-bespangled vale,
Blithsome with her flowing pail,
The milkmaid sung her matin strain,
Whilst, whistling o'er his teeming ground,

The

The ploughman thought his labour crown'd,
And gladsome view'd the rising grain.

IV.

Oh ! hadst thou spar'd this blissful scene,
Happy, thrice happy had they been.

But, envious of these joys,
Enrag'd, thou bad'st thy tempests rise,
And shed their snowy fury round,
And smite the pregnant ground.

Lo ! the blasted blossoms fall,
The frost-nipt buds decay,
The feather'd choir forget their amorous lay,
And mourn in silent sadness all.

V.

Forc'd from the mountain's head, now wrapt with snow,
The shepherd seeks his warmer cot ;
His lambkins, crowding in the folds below,
With piteous bleating mourn their changed lot.

No more the milkmaid, with her pail,
Cheers with rustic song the vale ;
Sullen, beneath his low-roof'd shed,
The ploughman views his smiling prospects fled.

Avaunt, fell Winter ! hence retire
To Caucasus' or Hecla's wither'd head.
There, within thy own demesne,
Vent thy all-blasting ire,
Till Autumn's ripen'd joys are fled,
And drear December call thee here again.

A H Y M N.

I.

A DIEU, unholy themes of song !
Angels, conduct my steps along
To Sinai's mount, the sacred road,
Which heav'n-directed prophets trod ;

When

When roll'd the awful darkness round,
When fiery splendors lick'd the ground,
When, in the pomp of clouds array'd,
The world's high Ruler spake, display'd
To man the eternal mandate of his hand, [mand.
And bade the thunder's voice confirm the dread com-

II.

But, while on Jordan's marge I stray,
Attemper'd beams illumine the way.
As drops the rain on thirsty plains,
As breathes the gale to languid swains,
In still, small sounds the tongue of Peace
Restores the heav'nly league of grace.
Cleans'd is the sin-polluted soul ;
The passions hear his mild controul.
The world's great Teacher walks with men below,
And points to future bliss, beyond this vale of woe.

III.

III.

'Tis past—and Mercy speaks no more,
But Justice bares the arm of pow'r.
Forth from the brooding glooms of night
Bursts o'er the world a flood of light ;
In uproar wild the loud winds rise,
With banded force they sweep the skies,
Dispart old Ocean's swelling waves,
And ope the proud rock's flinty caves :
While pealing thunders hail the Judge supreme,
Angelic forms descend, and join the grand acclaim.

IV.

Adown the flaming fields of air
Triumphal clouds the chariot bear ;
High floating round their sovereign Lord,
Cherubic armies wait the word ;

U

And

And all unfurl'd, of glowing hue,
 The red cross meets th' astonish'd view;
 And lo! terrific in attire,
 Th' archangel waves his sword of fire,
 And blows the sacred trump, whose quick'ning sounds
 Spread their tremendous call to Nature's farthest bounds.

V.

Instant, promiscuous millions pour,
 Of ev'ry age, from ev'ry shore;
 Fear-struck, and conscious of their doom,
 The guilty with the cov'ring tomb;
 But Heav'n's dread wrath, with clouded brow,
 Condemns to lakes of gnashing woe:
 While on the sons of virtue shine
 Th' enliv'ning beams of love divine;
 Enthron'd in bliss, they join the radiant train,
 And tune the choral lyre, and swell the rapt'rous strain.

ON

ON THE DEATH OF CAPTAIN COOKE.

..... Sunt hîc etiam sua præmia laudi,
Sunt lachrymæ rerum, et mentem mortalia tangunt.

VIRGIL.

I.

THE hoarse wind blew, the billows roll'd
Their freight of sorrow to the shore ;
The Briton's luckless fate is told,
His fate Taheite's chiefs deplore ;
Nor hope they now to view his whit'ning sail,
And from their coral cliffs the friendly stranger hail.

II.

" 'Tis ours no more, his steps to lead
Taheite's golden groves along,
No more beneath the bread-tree's shade
To court his stay with dance and song :
Some adverse pow'r has call'd him o'er the main,
To fall on ruder shores, by savage fury slain.

III.

III.

Ah ! had we seen his sad Morai,
And watch'd in penfive silence round
His corse, as paly cold it lay,
How then had bled the willing wound ?
Yet still our crimson tears for him shall flow,
As faithful mem'ry points the pang of inward woe.

IV.

But haply o'er the watry waste,
Where once his tall bark stem'd the tide,
His gentle shade may hither haste,
And near the Shed in secret glide ;
If ought of ditty'd moan, or fun'ral pray'r,
In sadly-pleasing sounds, thrill through the conscious air.

V.

Then Friendship, raise the piteous yell,
And stalk thy rounds in grim array ;

Taheite

Taheite hears the clashing shell,
A deep, dread stillness marks thy way ;
And here, while anguish wounds each beauteous face ;
Ye nymphs, devote the lock, and strew the branch of
peace.”

VI.

“ But think, (Omai heav'd the sigh)
Ah ! look beyond these liquid plains :
What griefs their pious hands employ,
Where Albion, queen of ocean, reigns,
Known by her zone of white, and azure stole,
Parent of gen'rous worth, the grandeur of the soul.

VII.

Whilom, she chid the wind's delay,
Gazing o'er all the depths below,
And wove the crown of verdure gay,
To grace her lov'd advent'rer's brow ;

But

But Death, who mocks our cares, around his tomb
Bids the funereal wreath among her garlands bloom.

VIII.

Methinks, in glory's awful shrine,
 (Where Death foregoes his wonted rage,
And still in quick'ning sculpture shine
 The mighty dead of ev'ry age)
Methinks I see th' illustrious seaman stand,
The wide earth in his ken, the plantane in his hand.

IX.

There are, who distant climes explore,
 Led by the rav'nous lust of prey,
And o'er the peaceful regions pour
 The storms of war and wild dismay ;
Envious of Indian blifs, the hut and shade,
With deeds of fell design, their spoiling bands invade.

X.

But lo ! he comes, no ruffian foe ;

But nobler aims sublime his foul,

'To scan, where Heav'n's bright meteors glow,

To trace, where Ocean's billows roll.

While his bold prow bounds o'er the foaming deep,

Cease ye rude threats of war, ye storms obsequious sleep.

XI.

Secure he steers the dubious way,

Th' obedient tempest sleeps in peace ;

Though hostile war usurp the sea,

For him its wasteful thunders cease ;

But yet, ah ! yet does pale Misfortune wait,

In treach'rous garb array'd, to guide the lance of Fate.

XII.

Unpitying Fate ! unfriendly doom !

Is virtue born to toil, and die ?

Or

Or still for moons and moons to bloom,
In some blest region of the sky?
Why spreads the gladsome Sun his golden plains?
'Tis there, her wand'rings past, unfading Virtue reigns.

XIII.

Wafted to yon more blissful shore,
In fair Banana-bow'rs reclin'd,
He fills the choir of souls, who bore
The toils of life, to bless mankind;
For whom, in ev'ry shade, th' immortal feast,
The meed of earthly fame, salutes the ravish'd taste."

P A T R I O T I S M.

Τιμην τε γὰρ ἔσι, καὶ ἀγλαὸν ἄνδρι, μαχεσθαι

Γῆς περὶ, καὶ παιδῶν, κερίδης τ' ἀλόχε

Δυσμενεσιν.

TYRTÆUS.

S T R O P H E.

HOW throb'd with anxious hopes the † youthful
patriot's breast !

How glow'd the kindling flames of hallow'd zeal,

As oft he mus'd by old Ilissus' stream

On deeds of bold emprise and laurell'd fame ;

And oft, as Fancy told the rapt'rous tale,

Survey'd in trophy'd pomp the hostile shield and crest,

Where Persian Pride ‡ receiv'd his wound,

And vanquish'd myriads lick'd the ground ;

When Freedom's sons unsheath'd the awful blade,

X

To

† Themistocles..

‡ On the plains of Marathon.

To stem the spoiler's swift career,
And made th' astonish'd slaves revere [aid!
The strength of Valour's arm uprais'd in Freedom's

A N T I S T R O P H E.

Again, while yet the vision beam'd upon his mind,
He cry'd, " Let navies crowd the wat'ry way,
Let the vain despot seize the naked shore,
And o'er our ravag'd plains his millions pour ;
Again let || Hippias lead them to their prey,
'To sack our Grecian domes, in impious league com-
By virtue arm'd, our banded few [bin'd ;
Again shall dare th' enervate crew,
Again shall Vict'ry raise the trophy'd meed ;
Retorted quick, the vig'rous blow
Shall hurl destruction on the foe."
Approving Pallas smil'd, and Fate their fall decreed.

E P O D E.

|| The son of Pisistratus, an Athenian, who had taken refuge in the Persian court, and laboured to make Athens obnoxious to the Persian monarch.

E P O D E.

Still at Freedom's lonely shrine

Brightly burns the flame divine,

Preserv'd with vestal care :

Here British Athens bow,

Here bind their early vow,

And pour the grateful pray'r.

How rush the gen'rous youth to arms !

How the big with their bosom warms

To rank with sacred names of old,

Who erst ambitious pow'r control'd, [main,

When Spain's proud wrecks were scatter'd o'er the

And hills of Gallic troops lay pil'd on Hocstet's plain !

S T R O P H E.

To fill these lists of fame, from tranquil scenes of ease,

Ardent for fight, a young § enthusiast rose.

In

§ General Wolfe.

In vain did fearful love her sorrows plead ;
 She bad, whose sacred mandate is obey'd,
 Where, through the wild unknown, Laurentius flows,
 To wake the sleeping war, and trim her with'ring bays.
 Nor rocks nor foes inspir'd dismay ;
 Onward he brav'd the rugged way,
 When envious Fate dispatch'd the leaden death :
 Nor sunk he then beneath the wound,
 Till shouts of triumph echo'd round,
 And Honour sooth'd his pangs, and watch'd his parting
 breath.

A N T I S T R O P H E .

Again, with firmer pow'r, indignant of controul,
 Ambition builds his schemes of boundless sway,
 Presumes to grasp the thunders of the main,
 And boast the glories of his wat'ry reign.
 The Gall and Spaniard swell the proud array,
 Ally'd by kindred views and sympathy of soul. But,

But, while they feed their splendid dreams,
Let British terrors blast their aims,
Let antient worth the free-born soldier rouse ;
Then shall they court a vain embrace,
And, like Ixion, woo disgrace,
Who clasp'd an empty cloud, for Jove's imperial spouse.

E P O D E.

Mark the vivid light'nings glare,
Glancing through the kindled air :
When thick'ning tempests low'r,
Along the fuel'd skies
Th' electric spirit flies,
And Heav'n's dread thunders roar.
So flames the Briton's vengeful ire,
So bursts around the martial fire :
He pours the storm from Calpe's steep,
And wrecks and carnage strew the deep :
Ambition's

Ambition's routed armies quit their prey,
And Calpe's peaceful cliffs the British flag display.

S U P E R S T I T I O N .

Ibant obscuri solâ sub nocte per umbras.

VIRGIL.

I.

WHEN nature's gay distinctions fail,
Shrowded in night's uncertain veil,
When nothing meets the wand'rer's view,
But length'ning glooms of saddest hue,
And not a sound invades his ear,
Save the dull whisper of the breeze,
Appall'd he sees, or thinks he sees,
Unreal scenes and forms, the painting of his fear.

II.

II.

While Ign'rance o'er the nations hung,
A cloud from Stygian vapour sprung,
Obscuring all that Heav'n design'd,
The radiant beauties of the mind ;
Where'er benighted Reason stray'd,
Terrific Fancy oft was nigh,
Who lov'd her magic art to try, [shade.
And call'd up dæmon-shapes, to haunt the deathful

III.

Thus in the darksome hour of woe,
When Ilion sunk beneath the foe,
Amidst the gloom, the Trojan saw
A sight of heart-subduing awe ;
How Gods the burning ruin spread,
Where Juno call'd to seize the prey,
Where the dread Ægis blaz'd dismay, [head.
And Neptune rent the walls, and bow'd the bulwark's

IV.

IV.

Say, who could mark this change of things,
The crush of states, the fall of kings,
And deem it Chance's random sway ;
Or scenes more wond'rous still survey,
The solar walk, or starry sphere,
The blue expanse of sea below,
With the glad earth's autumnal glow,
And not with holy rites a pow'r unknown revere ?

V.

This pow'r to know, no science taught ;
A vastness whelm'd the vot'ry's thought,
* Who oft retir'd, where'er the grove
Its secret veil of darkness wove,

To

* So Tacitus of the Germans, " *Lucos ac nemora consecrant, deorumque nominibus appellant secretum illud, quod solâ reverentiâ vident.*" c. 9.

To solitudes by man untrod :
There, 'midst the nameless horrors round,
That seem'd to consecrate the ground,
The prostrate soul confess'd the presence of a God.

VI.

To Fancy then, the stifled gale
Mutter'd some dark, prophetic tale ;
And then, from each time-hallow'd oak,
To wistful ears the Genii spoke.
But ah ! what eyes profane have seen,
When light'nings pierc'd the vaulted shade,
When Jove, or Thor his arm display'd,
And launch'd his forked bolts, and thunder'd o'er the
[scene !

VII.

“ Lo ! here, these woody shrines within,
(A Druid cry'd) your rites begin :”

Y

Then

Then, girt for slaughter, took his stand,
 The broad knife gleaming in his hand;
 And, as he smote the captive's breast,
 † " This (he exclaim'd) is Odin's right,
 " The fruit of each victorious fight :
 " From hostile skulls we drink at Odin's heav'nly feast."

VIII.

Away, ye horrid dreams, away!
 The Day-star shoots its promis'd ray.
 Anon, its sun-like glories rise,
 Enkindling yonder eastern skies;
 And, through the breaking glooms of night,
 Far as the flame of science shines,
 The fainted phantoms leave their shrines,
 Their groves, and springs, and caves, scar'd with the
 coming light.

IX.

† See Mallet's Introduction à l' Histoire de Danemarck.

IX.

Forbear, ye bloody priests, forbear
With groans of death to wound the air.
Hark ! how the peace-predicting song
Is chaunted by an angel's tongue,
That kindlier laws the world should bind,
That God, descending from above,
Renews the broken chain of love,
The ‡ chain, which earth and heav'n in golden union
join'd.

X.

He comes : attend the Teacher's lore :
The glowing bosom owns his pow'r.
'Tis He : a God, a God appears,
Who sooths all doubts, and quells all fears ;
To Hope he gives an eagle's wing,

To

‡ Σειρην χερσαιν 'εξ 'ερανοθεν. Hom. Il. θ. v. 19.

To soar beyond this earthly clime,
Beyond our petty bounds of time,
To seek, where Goodness dwells with heav'n's im-
mortal King.

MUSARUM FERIÆ.

I.

WHILOM from heav'n to Learning's sacred
bow'r,

The sister-Nymphs of song and science came,
And, 'midst the triumphs of the festal hour,
Review'd their glories on the rolls of Fame :
“ Ye, who from fields of strife, and haunts of care,
Full oft retir'd to feed the lofty thought,
Ye, who to us preferr'd the duteous pray'r,
Whom the still voice of inspiration taught,

Great

Great sons approach," exclaim'd the virgin band,
" Rejoin our once lov'd choir :"—and Hermes wav'd
his wand.

II.

With ready haste, the Muse's fav'rite train
Came from surrounding woods in order bright:
So shine successive o'er the azure plain,
At Hesper's call, the splendors of the night.
And first, the || Sire of Tragic Drama leads
His Grecian phalanx, o'er whose awful brow
The oak and ivy cast their mingled shades,
Whose eye looks many a tale of horrid woe,
Save, when his shield attracts his alter'd gaze,
And § Fancy all anew proud Persia's fall pourtrays.

III.

Instant Alcæus girds his loose attire, [twin'd ;
Grasps the dread steel with myrtle-wreaths en-
Again

|| Æschylus.

§ Alludes to his play of the Persæ.

Again with manly rage he wakes the lyre,
 Its deep tones tell the grandeur of his mind.
 Sacred his song still flows to Freedom's lore,
 How gallant youths have dar'd, and tyrants bled,
 ' They dar'd, superior to the doom of pow'r,
 Nor sleep they now, and moulder with the dead;
 With Homer's chiefs, they live beyond the main.'
 He sung : and laurel groves repeat the gen'rous strain.

IV.

Clad with pure grace, beyond what art bestows,
 Comes meekly grave the * chief, historian, sage,
 Who led his band thro' wilds and legion'd foes,
 And shines the hero of his modest page ;
 Who on the moral teacher, list'ning, hung,
 How heav'nly truth should grace a heav'n-born
 mind ;

And,

* Xenophon.

And, while he heard the dictates of his tongue,
Bade them instruct to latest times consign'd.

Yet, lib'ral youths, his Attic voice ye hear,
Ye taste his honey'd store, nor latent poison fear.

V.

Lo ! sweetly tripping o'er the flow'ry scene,

† Two Roman chiefs the gentle Terence lead,
This wears the thund'rer's dread, majestic mien,
In that are wisdom's mildest charms display'd.

Musing behind, in loosely-flowing vest,

‡ He comes, who in fair Tusculum's retreat
Hung up his civic crown to letter'd rest,

While yet at distance roll'd the storms of state.
Still, at each pause of step, they might descry
The speaker's awful form, and fire-illumin'd eye.

VI.

† Scipio and Lælius, ‡ Cicero.

VI.

Near him is seen, who bade these tempests roll,
 Who through sad ruin rush'd in quest of pow'r ;
 But soon were rest the triumphs of his soul,
 And soon his purple pall was drench'd in gore.
 Array'd in robes of less ensanguin'd hue,
 Such, as when Vict'ry hail'd the friend of Rome,
 No wreath he boasts, but what in Gallia grew,
 And round th' historian's brow will ever bloom ;
 Thy hands, pure Truth, the beauteous story wrought,
 When Cæsar simply told, how Cæsar bravely fought.

VII.

Anon, || low-brooding mists involv'd the day :
 The choir all sigh'd—till, from the glooms of
 night,

A form

|| The ignorance of the middle centuries is meant to be characterised
 by the mists, which involve the day.

A form unknown explor'd the trackless way,
Who harp'd, and sung of feats in bloody fight;
He, like a son of heav'n in clouds conceal'd,
At length emerging, greets their ravish'd eyes,
The Muses' vot'ry, patron, friend, reveal'd,
The Royal Saxon in a minstrel's guise.
" Dear to our train," from ev'ry tongue was heard,
" Who fedst our sleeping fires, whose hand our altars
rear'd."

VIII.

Transported, Clio seiz'd her golden lyre :
" Say, nymphs, to whom belongs the hymn of
" Thou first, who dost the soul divine inspire, [praise ?
" And god-like Alfred, shall adorn our lays :
" From thee, great shade, shall streams of radiance flow,
" And light new stars to gild the northern sky ;

Z

" Here,

“ Here, at our new-built shrines, shall Britain bow,
“ And Cam and Isis with Ilissus vie :
“ Scar’d from Pieria’s spring, by turban’d foes,
“ Beside their willow’d banks we fix our last repose.”

C R E D U L I T Y.

A T A L E.

Sanabimur, si volemus.

CICERO.

I N superstitious days of yore,
When skill did less, and credit more,
No thanks to med’cine, cures were wrought
Of chronic ills, as quick as thought.
In vain might Leech attempt to heal,
For pills or draughts might nought avail,
Unless, as knowing matrons said,
Faith gave its sanction to his aid.

’Twas then two Oxford youths had stroll’d ;
But what their scheme, is left untold ; For

For well they knew, what Æsop spake,
 The bow, that's always bent, will break.
 Allur'd by op'ning prospects round,
 Beyond the reach of classic ground,
 They listless stray'd, on this and that
 Beguil'd the way with various chat,
 Mark'd the sweet hawthorn's blooming spray,
 And heard with joy the throstle's lay ;
 Nor longer thought of College drear,
 The tutor's cross, or task severe :
 Nor yet had thought, what stomach crav'd
 Of noontide commons thus bereav'd,
 Till the gay scenes had left their view,
 For desert heaths of ruffet hue ;
 And Phœbus too, retir'd from fight,
 Now shot his parting beams of light.
 The charm is fled : no traces shew
 Which way our errant youths should go. Dis-

Distance and night forbad return ;

They seek then, where to lodge till morn.

As on they rov'd, at length from far

Shone a faint glimmer, like a star.

Bolder they steer'd ; the glimm'ring led

To some poor rustic's lonely shed.

They knock'd : a crippled dame appears,

With agues craz'd, and bow'd with years,

Surpriz'd to see such strangers there,

Yet bids them welcome to her cheer ;

Though coarse, to hunger's eye were spread

The best of dainties in its stead.

Meanwhile their courteous hostess strews

A rushy couch for their repose,

Whereon, forgetful of return,

They sink in wholesome sleep till morn.

But soon as morning bade them rise,

One ugly want their thoughts employs. They

They both were generously inclin'd,
 But each had left the means behind.
 Bethought they then, what course to take,
 And in high phrase the dame bespake ;
 " What thanks are due for this our fare !
 Our scrips no worldly treasures bear.
 Train'd in sublimer arts, we know
 To ease the plaints of corp'ral woe ;
 We see thee wither'd, craz'd, and weak,
 Thy frame what nervous tremors shake ;
 Take, keep this spell of healing pow'r,
 A firmer system to restore."
 They then in paper scroll inclos'd
 A line in language strange compos'd,
 Haply, from some Batavian sage,
 Or grave Smiglecius' subtile page.

The dame survey'd them with surprize,
 Then o'er the scroll she cast her eyes ; And

And now the letter'd present prest
With awful tremblings to her breast.
Instant the youths pursued their way :
She dar'd not press their further stay.

Faster than time my story goes.
'Tis Fancy's business to suppose
One of our youths in ermin'd state,
Now temp'ral minister of fate.
A culprit to the bar was brought,
Who wonders strange by magic wrought,
Who folks could cure, or keep diseas'd,
By dint of words, whene'er she pleas'd.
" Herself was once infirm, but still
She seems to lengthen life at will.
Behold, my Lord, the spell ; tis here—
To touch the curfed scroll I fear."

" Peace, Sirs, and urge your charge no more,
For thus I quash her magic pow'r ; (He,

(He, smiling, said) to me she owes
 Whate'er of spells and charms she knows ;
 Woman, behold your guest in me,
 Who taught this art, if art it be."

§ RELIGION AND INFIDELITY.

NOW shone o'er heav'n the beams of dawning day,
 And mounting larks had sung their matin lay,
 When from a wood, with wild irregular haste,
 A female rush'd, and cross'd the trackless waste ;
 Fair seem'd her form, but frantic was her air ;
 Her robe, her tresses, torn, betray'd despair.
 She started, stoop'd ; her languid eye-balls stream'd
 With tears ; and now with fullen anger gleam'd.
 Again with wayward step she sought the shade,
 Where a deep brook in lonely windings stray'd.

Here,

Here, on the willowy marge, she paus'd and cry'd,

“ Dread Pow'r, if any pow'r in heav'n abide,

“ That deigns to mark what mortals feel below ;

“ Take, take thy hated gift, a life of woe.

“ Has heav'n these passions with our souls ally'd,

“ Yet bids sad Ruin wait at Error's side ?

“ The love of right, a father's constant theme,

“ Still warms my breast, tho' wrung with guilt and
flame ;

“ My grief-worn heart still bows at Virtue's shrine,

“ Still bends my will to Reason's rule divine :

“ Yet, where was Reason's, where was Virtue's aid ?

“ I lov'd, was lov'd ; I trusted, was betray'd.

“ For this my name is toss'd on vulgar tongues,

“ My fame all blasted, though unknown my wrongs.

“ Friendless I rove ; yet heav'n is pleas'd to shed

“ Its gayest sunshine on the perjur'd head.—

“ Com-

“ Complaints how vain ! why does this life blood flow ?

“ Why throbs this pulse, to wake my heart to woe ?

“ I go to still this anguish of the breast—

“ Be Death’s cold arms my refuge and my rest.”

“ Ah ! stop, (a voice exclaim’d) in ruin brave,

“ Rashly you dare the terrors of the grave.”

Instant, a stranger sprung upon her view,

And from the brink her trembling footsteps drew.

“ O lady ! bow your soul to heav’n’s high will,

“ Who scourges human pride with human ill.

“ If Reason, Reason only, were your trust,

“ Well might you call man faultless, heav’n unjust ;

“ If Reason only lent her glimm’ring ray,

“ Well might the groveling slave of passion stray.

“ But heav’n unfolds the steadier beams of grace,

“ And guides, through sin’s dark night, our feet to

peace.

A a

“ Ah !

“ Ah ! quench not then its beams in black despair.

“ God hears the heart-felt sigh and humble pray’r.

“ Oh ! come with me, to prove Religion’s pow’r,

“ How smiles the faint in mis’ry’s saddest hour.”

Thus as he spoke, the pious man had led

The mourner to his neat, but humble shed.

“ Behold, (he cry’d) to pain and grief a prey,

“ My dearest spouse fast sinking to decay.

“ Childless, her bury’d offspring she deplores ;

“ A cancer now her feeble frame devours ;

“ Too ill our scanty means her wants supply,

“ The nurse’s care, and physic’s aid deny.

“ Yet mark, her breast no fretful murmur moves ;

“ The Pow’r that wounds her, she adores and loves.”

“ Oh ! teach me, teach me (the fair sceptic cry’d)

“ Those healing truths ; be heav’n, and you, my guide ;

“ Teach

“ Teach me this pride, these doubtings, to controul,
“ And break, Oh! break these lime-twigs of the foul.”
Here the meek suff’rer rais’d her pitying eyes :—
“ Ah! see this book, from which my comforts rise.
“ Here taught we hope, when this frail life is o’er,
“ And all its storms, to gain a happier shore :
“ And though a while some syren sin deceive,
“ The hand of heav’n is always stretch’d to save.
“ Hence thro’ the mists, which hover round the tomb,
“ Faith learns to contemplate a world to come.”

T H E P E N.

..... εὐτε πίοιμι μελαν πόσον, ἐνθεος οἶα

Παν ἐπὶ ᾧ ἀφθεγκλίω τῷδε λεγῶ σοματι.

ANON. EP.

WHAT subtle pow’rs direct the grey goose-Quill,
How lov’d, how fear’d, how great its magic
skill, I sing ;

I sing ; let Phœbus aid the pious lays ;
His was the gift, let his too be the praise.

When once, as poets tell, in mortal guise
He tended sheep, an outcast of the skies,
Taught by his strains, which oft in noontide bow'rs,
Or ev'ning shades, beguil'd the tedious hours,
With rival aim the shepherds pip'd and sung ;
Through Tempe's plains the ceaseless echos rung.
The phrenzy grew ; and trees in ev'ry grove
Bore in their barks recorded songs of love.
This quaint device his forming hands refin'd,
And, yet unknown, the shapely pen design'd.
Pointed and smooth'd, and dipt in sable juice,
A slender * reed describ'd its wond'rous use. Still

* Reeds and canes were the first instruments used in writing. Pliny says, that Egypt furnished a great quantity of reeds for this purpose ; and Martial confirms it, *Dat chartis habiles calamos Memphitica tellus*. Reeds and canes are still used by the Tartars, the Indians, the Persians, the Turks, and the Greeks.

Astle's Origin and Progress of Writing, c. 8.

Still from the trees they drew their simple aid,
 And the peel'd † bark their rustic tales convey'd.
 But soon, when Folly spawn'd her scribbling brood,
 When, tho' the Muse's scorn, the Muse they woo'd,
 The reed-crown'd Naiads wept the spreading ill :
 He saw, and bad the goose resign her Quill.

Hail, sacred gift ! when truth, and learning guide,
 With joy we trace, where-e'er thy currents glide.
 'Tis thine, to teach, persuade, reprove, console,
 To paint each varying movement of the soul.
 Fast as ideas spring, they meet our eyes ;
 Thou giv'st them shape and substance, as they rise ;
 In ev'ry tongue thou speak'st to ev'ry end,
 To all, in all, interpreter, and friend.

Thine

† The bark of trees hath been used for writing upon, in every quarter of the globe, and is still used in several parts of Asia. It is observable, that the word *LIBER* was used, by the Romans, as well for the bark of a tree, as for a book. A specimen of Latin writing on bark is still preserved.
 See Aistle's Origin, &c.

Thine too that pow'r, whose influence can impart
 Such harmless pride, to sooth the poet's heart.
 Him, who ne'er bask'd in fortune's golden smiles,
 Untrain'd in gainful arts and worldly wiles,
 Though friendless, fasting, shiv'ring through the day,
 Though duns and bailiffs mark him for their prey,
 Though round his cell their webs the spiders weave,
 Which hungry rats by cautious instinct leave,
 Thy single aid can cheer ; the scene illumine,
 And pour bright comfort o'er the joyless gloom.
 Heedless of home, his sportive fancy roves
 Through lawns, and roseate bow'rs, and myrtle groves,
 Walks with the wood-nymphs in their verdant glades,
 Or holds high converse with Aonia's maids.
 Full oft he mounts sublime to heav'n's abodes,
 And hears, and speaks the language of the gods.
 Thus in romance the forc'rer waves his wand,
 When instant culture clothes a naked land ; The

The rude, bleak waste a blooming verdure wears ;
 Rocks blush with vines, and heaths are gay parterres ;
 While airy forms trip o'er th' enchanted ground,
 And heav'nly music charms the region round.

Ah ! spare your sneers, ye sons of wealth and care :
 Gold cannot paint a scene so gay and fair.
 Such too that pow'r, which bids the landscape glow,
 Provok'd it deals sure vengeance on the foe.
 Scorn all, who list ; if e'er the plumed dart
 Is aim'd to strike, it awes the proudest heart.
 This dullness feels, inflam'd with rage and shame,
 When Dunciads doom it to the scoffs of fame.
 When human laws are bought, its active zeal
 Restores to Justice her impartial scale.
 No lurking vice escapes its scourging lay,
 Stripp'd bare, and branded in the eye of day.
 So Rome's grave censors o'er her manners reign'd,
 Where justice fail'd, their chast'ning rod restrain'd ; If

If ranker weeds their foul contagion spread,
 And daring Licence rais'd her impious head,
 These, while the state could bear a censor's frown,
 Check'd their lewd growth, and pull'd corruption down.

Here springs a wish, that none their pow'r profane :
 Pure be his life, who writes, from ev'ry stain ;
 Pure let his page with sacred lustre shine ;
 Let rigid virtue mark the blameless line.
 If e'er (which heav'n avert !) he leaves her side,
 To cringe to wealth, or swell the pomp of pride ;
 If e'er the Pen shall aid the spurious birth,
 When Lewdness pours his vile debauch'ries forth,
 Drive the base wretch, ye Muses, from your train,
 And bind, in dullness bind his barren brain,
 That, when the strangled thought would press to light,
 Vex'd, he may gnaw the guilty Pen in spight.

But hence ; and darkness whelm th' apostate throng !
 To brighter themes I steer my wand'ring song. That

That glorious list my raptur'd eyes survey,
 Which Greece and Rôme with conscious pride display,
 Which, spar'd by spoiling time, and Gothic rage,
 Admir'd, rever'd, has shone through ev'ry age.
 So strongly bright, the morn of science rose,
 Still in our hearts the warm reflection glows.
 Prone at your shrines, ye sons of antient fame,
 Genius still bows, and lights th' inspiring flame ;
 He hopes, he fears, he burns with strong desire,
 Then grasps the Quill, to join the god-like choir.
 Thus, if some youth, who shuns inglorious ease,
 Points his high aim at Wolfe's or Elliot's praise,
 Fir'd with the view, he seeks th' embattled foe,
 Where conquest waits to crown the warrior's brow.
 But Heav'n, who nerves the arm, and guides the hand,
 Forbids, that all, in war, and wit, command.

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Few yet have sped, whose bold ambition dar'd
 To snatch the wreath, which crowns the epic bard :
 For 'tis a plan, no vulgar Pen can trace,
 Where join, at once, consistence, strength, and grace.
 Critics gave rules, the cobwebs of their brains ;
 But poets rose, who broke their flimsy chains.
 These Milton scorn'd, who stretch'd, on wing sublime,
 Through boundless space, beyond the birth of time.
 Some nearer home their short excursions try,
 Or shave, in level flight, the nether sky ;
 Like bees, in summer fields, the buzzing throngs
 Pour forth in odes, and elegies, and songs.
 Some, humbler still, their petty pow'r employ,
 Who glitter, flutter, shoot their stings, and die.
 But cease to count, what rovers of the Quill,
 In nameless tribes, infest the Muses' hill.
 As atoms crowded in the solar ray,
 Their embryo forms in endless mazes stray.

Yet

Yet see that groupe, no undistinguish'd choir,
Gentler in mien, and lovelier in attire :
Mark, how each Grace directs their pleasing toils,
And ev'ry Muse enlivens with her smiles.
Welcome, ye bards, these partners of your praise,
The virtuous Sapphos of our modern days.
Too long in wit had man usurp'd the throne,
Till time and freedom broke the barrier down,
Till taste and learning travell'd side by side,
And barb'rous rules and Salic laws destroy'd.

No further glories wait the grey goose Quill,
Since wit and beauty try its potent skill ;
For these, whene'er they take the letter'd field,
With twofold force the plumed weapon wield.

F I N I S.

CORRIGENDA.

P. 11, lege 'Αμβλεις; p. 13, ἔκετ'; p. 25, θ'; p. 31,
fævus; p. 41, mœsta; p. 83, cœli, et alibi.



